The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1905. NUMBER 3

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—I
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm a good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she does n't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an'-we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

Letter From Wabash, Ind.

EDITOR SUN:

As I can not communicate with them personally I ask the privilege of addressing my friends in Washington county through your excellent paper.

I have been in Wabash a little more than two months, and what I have seen of the place and people I like, although I have not yet fully decided to locate here.

Wabash is a city of 15,000, situated on the historic river of the same name, and is ninety-six miles northeast of Indianapolis. The surroundiug country is well adapted to stock raising, and there is a large farm near the city to which horses are imported from Belgium and other foreign countries.

The soil is very fertile and this year yielded ninety bushels of corn to the acre, while the wheat crop, which was a fine one, averaged thirty-five bushels to the acre. The land is well improved.

Wabash is a healthy city, the residence portion being situated on a hill. All garbage is gathered and burned in a crematory. No better water can be found anywhere, the supply coming from eighteen flowing wells.

The educational facilities are of the best, the city having eight large public school buildings, a high school and a fine public library. The city maintains a beautiful park. The church buildings of the various denominations represented here are distributed as follows: Three Methodist, Presbyterian, Christian, two United Brethren, two Evangelical, one Lutheran and Catholic.

The city has two Quaker hospitals, four banks (three national), twelve dry goods and clothing stores, eight shoe stores, nine drug stores, four furniture and hardware stores, seven meat markets, eigeteen grocery stores, two opera houses, a brewery, and numerous other places of business.

Besides the Big Four Railroad shops located here there are the Pioneer Hat factory, baking powder and soap factory, church and school furniture works, Wabash cabinet works, a canning factory, table slide and sled and wagon factory, two foundries, and the largest paper mill in the world (covering twelve acres of ground). There are two railroads—the Wabash and Big Four—and two long-distance traction lines.

I have one objection to the city. To my mind it is incomplete without a missionary Baptist church.

With best wishes to all and for the success of The Sun, I am

Yours respectfully,
SAM PADDACK.

December 15, 1905.

McINTIRE.

Mr. R. A. Ensor, of Mead county, visited relatives here on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. J. A. Hendron, of Springfield, was the guest of C. M. Bringle and other friends at this place last week.

The sale of the personal property of the late J. B. Ensor which occurred on last Saturday was well attended and everything brought good prices.

Mr. Lenard McIntire, who is attending school at Gethsamane, will be at home this week for the holidays.

R. L. Clements sold to Robert Arnold a lot of one-year-old cattle at 3¼c.

Mr. R. B. Hatchett, of Pleasent Run, bought of J. F. Keene five one-year-old steers at $26 per head and also three from J. T. and R. L. McIntire at $27.50 per head.

R. L. Clements sold to John Devine ninty acres of land for $1100.

R. A. McIntire bought of T. Carrico one sow and eight pigs for $15.

Mr. Wat Clements, of Union county, after a pleasant visit to relatives here has returned home.

Messers Charley Hardesty, of Valley Hill, Ed. and Will. Gray, of Polin, and Joe Clayton, George Robertson, of Lebanon, were the guest of Misses Lizzie and Susie Murphy last Sunday.

Miss Bertha Keene was the guest of Miss Bennie Waters last week.

Mr. Micheal Shanahan, whose marriage was reported in our last letter, has gone to housekeeping on his farm at this place. We are glad to have him and his estimable wife in our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Graves have moved into the Corbet house and are a very welcome addition to our community.

Messrs. Twiman and James Keene have returned from Louisville where they spent several days. While there they bought four fine mares, price private.

Miss Alice Johnson is on the sick list.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

OUR STOCK IN MOST OF THE DEPARTMENTS IS ENTIRELY TOO LARGE FOR THIS DATE AND WE MUST REDUCED VERY CONSIDERABLY BY JANUARY 1.

Greatest Stock Reducing Sale

Ever Held in Central Kentucky

A Mammoth Stock of First-Class Merchandise at Slaughtered Prices.



A large line of Ladies' and Children Cloaks, Suits, Rain Coats and Furs at prices that will Make Them Go, and these are all new and up-to-date garments

One lot of Men's and Boy's Suits at Cost--some of them Less than Cost

Don't Fail to Take Advantage of this Sale

And get some of the best bargains ever offered. We name only a few of the articles and low prices at which we are selling things, as space will not permit a full list.

Apron Ginghams - - - 5c

Trion AAA cotton, extra heavy, yd. wide, 6c; sold everywhere for 7 1-2c

Table oil cloth, per yd. - - - - 15c

Capet Warp per pound.....20c
Yard-wide bleached cotton, same count as Hope.....7c
Ready-made Sheets and pillow cases at reduced prices.
All Table Linens and Napkins AT COST during this sale.
Fifteen dozen 10c towels, orices for this sale, each.....7c
One lot of towels, each.....4c
Outing Cloth, per yd.....4c and 7c
Flannelettes, per yd.....7c

All woolen dress goods at cut prices.
Comforts and Blankets at bargain prices.

Just Received a Beautiful Line of

X-mas Linens, Hdkfs Umbrellas, Etc.

Ladies' hemstitched initial handkerchiefs, per box of ½ doz.....75c
Men's " " " " " " " " 75c
Ladies' unlaundered initial handkerchiefs, all linen, each.....12½c
Men's silk hemstitched initial handkerchiefs, each.....25c
Men's extra quality, hemstitched, silk initial hdkf, each.....50
Large stock of ladies' embroidered hdks, each.....10c to $1.50
Full line of Men's Holiday Suspenders, Neckware, Etc.
New stock Ladies' Kid Gloves for Holiday Trade.

Our stock is large and we certainly can please you in both quality and price. We invite you to call.

Robertson Bros
Prés de Soie FOR SLIP SKIRTS & PETTICOATS

A New Condition.

LaRue Herald: As is well known newspapers have the right of mailing their papers at what is known as second class rates, that is, one cent a pound. If this were not the case newspapers could not be sold at the prices now received for them.

However, Mr. Madden, who has charge of the second class mail matter in the Post Office Department at Washington, has made a new ruling which will affect the newspaper business to a considerable extent and will affect one class of subcribers very much indeed, and that class is the one which never pays or at long range of from two to five years. His ruling is to the effect that, in order for a newspaper to continue enjoying the privileges of the second class rates it must show a subscription list of paid-in-advance subscribers. In other words, under the strict construction of this ruling newspapers must cut off all subscriptions that are not paid in advance, or they will be denied the second class rates, and with out second class rates a newspaper could not run thirty days.

Death of Chas. Scruggs.

Tuesday night Mr. Chas. Scruggs died of consumption at his home near Willisburg. The interment took place at Willisburg this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mr. Scruggs was a farmer, 40 years of age and leaves a widow.

THE FADING SIGHT

Lines from Miles Saunders to his friends, W. C. McChord and W. A. Waters, telling how his blindness was developed.

Dim and dimmer daily growing,
Faded out the smile of friendship,
Faded out the eye's soft twinkle,
Token of the sweetest friendship,
That can bind two souls together—
Vanished even form and features
Of the friends who came to greet us.

Then my vision lost the colors,
Of the wayside flowers blooming.
Odor now the only language,
Left to tell me of their sweetness.

Waving branches lost their motion
Though the evening breezes stirred them.
Pliant Willows by the brooklet,
Trembling Aspens on the foothills
Ceased their waving, and their trembling.
Tapering Pine trees in the deep glens,
Sturdy Oak trees on the grey cliffs,
Poplars, Ashes, broad leaved Chestnuts,
On the ledges climbing higher—
Each tree stood, a thing of beauty,
Beauty, which no other boasted.
Thus of yore, I saw the mountains,
Swelling up from plain to skyline.
But these beauties all have faded,
Lines and colors all confused
Mingle now in one dark background.
Still I hear the vespers whisper,
Whisper through these leafy branches.
Whip-poor-will, I still hear calling,
To her mate upon the mountain.
Still hear tinkling waters falling,
As they dash down towards the river
So I know the mountain standeth,
Clothed in verdue and in beauty,
Carpeted with ferns and mosses
Still the home of sweetest songsters
Though my darkened eyes can't see it.

Then there fell a cloud of darkness,
As the darkness fell on Egypt,
Closing out the golden sunlight
Closing out the silver moonlight,
Closing out the stars above me,
Stars that nightly glow and twinkle,
In the bending vault of heaven.

MORAL

Blindest people on the round globe
Go with natural eyes wide open.
Some there are, who seeing, see not,
Some there are, who hearing, hear not,
While the blind man, Bartimaeus,
Saw occasion, and embracing
Got both eye sight, and salvation
Not the eye's sight, but the soul's sight
Discerns things of chiefest beauty.

Death of Miss McIntire.

The angle of death came into our midst, an unbidden guest, and took one of our most virtuous and lovable young ladies, Miss Leona McIntire, last Friday morning at five o'clock. She had lived a fervent, Christian life, being a patient sufferer from that relentless disease consumption. It can truly be said of our dear departed cousin, "To know her was to love her." Her smiling face will be sorely missed by her large circle of friends. Do not mourn for her, dear sisters, brothers and friends, for she has gone to a better, brighter land, where suffering is unknown.

C. and L.

Miss McIntire was the daughter of Mr. Jack McIntire who resides four miles from town on the Bardstown pike. She was twenty-seven years old. The funeral services were held Saturday at St. Rose church.

Death of Mr. Jeffries.

Mr. John W. Jeffries, an aged and well-known citizen of the Texas neighborhood, died in Louisville last Friday, as a result of an operation for stone in the bladder. The body was brought to Springfield Friday evening, and funeral services occurred at Bethlehem Baptist church Saturday, Rev. Williams delivering the funeral discourse. Mr. Jeffries was a member of the Bethlehem church and was an excellent Christian character. He was seventy-three years of age and had spent the greater part of his life in this county. The deceased leaves a son, Mr. C. B. Jeffries, his wife having preceded him to the grave several years ago.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Springfield Postoffice for the week ending December 20:

Mrs. Ella Boker, Mrs. Annie Lankis, Frank Laurm, Mrs. Aannie Matting, Willie Osbarne, J. N. Taylor, Miss Sallie Simms, Mrs. Mary E. Spalding.

W. A. WATERS, Postmaster.

Henry Breeze, a Maysville man, was seriously injured lifting a heavy cake of ice.

HAS A FOUL MURDER

Been Committed In Springfield?

A Part of the Skull of a Child Found In the Yard of Ben McElroy, Col.—Carried There By His Dog.

Has a foul murder been committed in Springfield within the last few days?

On last Saturday morning a dog belonging to Ben McElroy, colored, who resides in Springfield, in a settlement known as "Thurmantown," carried into McElroy's yard a part of a baby's, or child's, skull—that part commonly called the crown of the head. McElroy's wife noticed the peculiarly shaped bone and picked it up and carried it into the house. Upon examination she says she found a substance in the skull which she supposed to be the brain. McElroy and his wife decided to bring the matter to the attention of others and the skull was taken to Mr. Johnnie Green's saloon. Mr. Green telephoned The Sun and after we were shown the ghastly object we called Dr. Hyatt, who at once pronounced it a child's skull. Dr. Hyatt believes the child was from six months to a year old, and says that he is absolutely certain it was no younger than six months. Dr. RoBards also examined the object, and he informs The Sun that it is his opinion that the child was at least one-year-old. Both Drs. Hyatt and RoBards say that the child has been dead but a very short time.

Now, the questions are: Where did the dog find this human skull? Whose child was it, and what caused its death? Maybe these questions can be answered after an investigation is made. Certainly the authorities will make an investigation.

The theory may be advanced that the body was excavated by the dog, but does it not look unreasonable that a dog could dig down into a grave, open a coffin and bring forth a body of even a very small child?

Had the skull been that of an infant it might have been inferred that some guilty mother had committed murder for the purpose of hiding her sin, but since the doctors say that the child was at least six months old the case becomes the more mysterious.

Turkey Business.

Never in the history of the turkey industry have we seen finer turkeys than at the present time. The people have begun to realize that it takes good stock and a certain amount of attention to make it profitable to grow turkeys. We know of certain farmers whose industrious wives have sold their turkeys at an average of better than $2 per head. This brings in quite a nice little sum and the high prices we are paying should encourage the people to look after this business as never before. We will from all indications kill at this point this season about 12,000 turkeys which will represent in cash about $20,000. The women of our county will look upon these figures with a great degree of pride when they realize how much they have done, and we believe the majority of the people show their appreciation of the home market, when they can always obtain the highest cash price for their produce. We are here to serve the best interests of our people, and are deeply interested in this cause, which places so much of the cash in the hands of our deserving women, and shall always pay the highest prices possible, and will ever appreciate their most liberal patronage.

M. H. JONES.

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by C. J. Haydon.

$30,000 Stock of Goods

To Be Sold at Sacrifice Prices.



Clothing Prices Slaughtered

We are overstocked in fine suits and overcoats and will sell regardless of cost.

$18.00 and $20.00 suits.....$15.00
15.00 and $16.50 suits.....$12.00
12.50 and $13.50 suits.....$10.00
10.00 suits.....$7.50
7.50 suits.....$5.00
17.50 and $18.00 overcoats.....$13.50
15.00 overcoats.....$12.00
12.50 overcoats.....$9.50
10.00 overcoats.....$7.50
Corduroy suits.....$5.00

One lot of men's McIntoshes, small size, $1.50
One lot of Women's McIntoshes, $2, worth $4

SILKS.—75c per yard, worth up to $1.25. Fancy Waist Silks in Fancy Figure Silk, Check Silk and Stripe Silk. These are bargains.

In anticipation of a change in our firm on February 1st, 1906, we will offer our entire stock of goods at sacrifice price. To show what we expect to do in this Gigantic Sale, and in order to induce trade from all parts of the county to visit us, we quote below a few prices on items from our varied stock.

Dress Goods.

52 inch Cravenetts $1.15, worth $1.50.
52 " Shepherds Plain $1.10, worth $1.50.
44 " Check Mohairs $1.15, worth $1.50
38 " Blue, Black and Brown Mohair 50c, worth 75c.
52 " Brown and Fancy Mohairs 95c, worth $1.50.
40 " Black and White Mixed Mohair 85c, worth $1.25.
38 " Blue and Black Serge 50c, worth 75c.
40 " Shark Skins, Black and Colors 50c, worth 75c.
44 " Shark Skins, Black and Colors 65c worth $1.
54 " Novelty Dress Goods worth up to $1.50 for 90c
54 " Zibaline 85c, worth $1.25.
54 " Broad Cloth, Black and Colors $1.00.

Full line Flannell and Tricot Waistings. Mercerized Grosgrains, in Black and Colors 25c, worth 50c.
Black Uxorias 50c, worth 75c.
Full Stock Imported Dress Goods in Black and Colors.

A great variety of Black Satin Skirts at less than we can buy them now from the manufacturer.

Table Linens and Napkins.

72 inch Satin Damask $1 worth $1.50,
68 " Bleached Damask 75c, worth $1
64 " Bleach'd Damask 60c, worth 90c
60 " Demi Bleach 50c, worth 75c.
3-4 Napkins to match above $1 to $2.50 Dozen.

Useful Christmas Presents.

Full sole leather suit cases, $5, worth $7.50. Full sole leather Oxford bags. $4, worth $6. Leatherette suit cases, 75c, $1 and $1.25. Leatherette Oxford bags, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

12-4 Table Linen, and napkins to Match, Worth $7.50, now go at

$5.00

10 quarter Table Linens, and Napkins to match, worth $6, now

$4.00

Silk Musflers and Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs.

A great Variety of Holiday Umbrellas, ranging in prices from $1.50 to $10

Imported Demask Towels.

Hemstitched and Fringed 25c to 50c.
Plain White and Fancy Borders 25c to 50c.
Huck Towels 7½c up.

Large assortment of Draperies in Silkolines, Damask, Dinims, Etc.

Women's and Children's Cloaks and Furs.

Women's Long Cloaks $13.50 worth $18.
" " " $10.00 " $12.50 and $15.00
Women's Long Cloaks $7.50, worth $10.
" " " $5.00, " $7.50.
Misses and Children's Cloaks priced in some proportion as the above.
Ladies' Long Furs $11, worth $15.
" " " $9, " $12.50.
" " " $7, " $10.
" " " $2, " $8.

Underwear.

Men's Shirts and Drawers $1, worth up to $1.50.
Men's Shirts and Drawers 50c, worth 75c.
" " " 45c, " 65c.
Men's Union Suits 95c, worth $1.25.
Women's Vest and Pants 95c, worth $1.25.
Women's Vest and Pants 50c, worth 75c.
Women's Vest and Pants 25c, worth 40c.
Full Stock of Children's Pants, Vest and Union Suits.
Princely Shirts 50c, equals almost any $1 Shirts.
10 Dozen Fancy Shirts 25c and 35c, reduced from 50c, 75c, and $1.

BEST CALICOES—

4 Cents.

BEST BROWN COTTON—

6 cents.

Best Apron Gingham, 6c
10c Outing Cloth, 5c
12 1-2c Outing cloth, 7 1-2c
15c Flanelettes, 10c
12 1-2c Flanelettes, 8 1-2c
20c mercerized sateen, 12 1-2c
25c " " 22 1-2c
25c " " 20c
All of these are in blk. and cols.

Black, Tan and Fancy Hosiery bought for the Holiday trade will be put in this cut price sale.

Kneelands Pat Shoes for men $4, worth $5.00.
Douglas Pat Shoes, for men, $3.50.
Douglas Pat Shoes, for boys, $2.50.
Douglas Pat Shoes, for youths, $2.
Perfection Shoes for men $2.50, equals any $3.50 Shoe for wear.
Krippendorf-Dittman fine shoes for Women. Will make special prices on the entsre lot.

We are stocked on Rubber Boots and Shoes and FeltBoots bought before the advance and can save you 25 per cent.

We have 6,000 Rolls Wall Paper and in order to reduce it we will sell the entire Stock, except Ingrains, at half price.

Now is the time to buy Carpets at less than jobbers prices. We are making prices on Axministers, Topestry, Brussells, Ingrains, Sultanas, Granites and Hemp. Art Squares and Rugs, in Axministers, Ingrains, Granites, Mosquets and Smyrnas; we have something that will please you.

We invite you to visit us during this sale as we are going to make an effort to make this the greatest sale of merchandise ever offered the people.

Cunningham & Duncan, Springfield, Ky.

Washington County Common Schools.

Examination For Fourth and Fifth Months.

FIRST YEAR.

Reading and Language.—1. Read the lesson on page 90. 50.

2. Copy and punctuate the script exercise, page 106. 10.

3. Read the lesson on page 94 three times and write it from memory. 20.

4. Copy and fill blanks: A dog has——ears and——tail. A dog has——feet. A dog eats——and——. A dog can——and——. A dog can catch——.

5. Fil these blanks: g—ri, h—m, ca—, p—g, R—se, Jo—n, moth—r, f—ther, h—me, scho—l.

Spelling.—Clock, hour, minute, often, window, white, shiver, clouds, grass, begin, asleep, meadow, sometimes, blue, above, listen, honey, leaves, should. 100.

Arithmetic.—1. John had 10 marbles and lost ⅕ of them. How many did he lose?

2. Mary paid 2 cents for a pencil, 4 cents for paper, and had 3 cents left. How many cents had she at first?

3. 2 and 2=, 9—3=, 5 and 2—3=, 6 and 2 and 1=, two 5's less 4=

4. 2 and 2 and v=, iv and 4—2= Two 3's and 2=, ½ of 7 is—and—over.

5. ½ and ½ and ½ and 1 ½ and ⅛ and 2=½ and ½ and ½= ⅞—½= four ¼'s=

SECOND YEAR.

Reading and Language.—1. Copy and punctuate stanza 2, page 125. 10.

2. Read the lesson on page 124 for oral reading. 50.

3. Use "is," "are," "was," "were," "has," "have" in writing statements about: sky, stars, sun, glass, top, window, John, boy, girl, child, children, sled, new, knives. 15.

4. Write a story about Jane and her doll, Lesson 60. Use the outline given. 25.

Spelling.—Flour, dough, voices, pieces, medicine, wrote, begging, cupboard, Egypt, camels, whistles, reindeer, coffee, knives, wrap, cushions, crocodiles, India, saucy, roguish, queer, China, island, Eskimos, juicy, 100

Arithemetic.—1. John is 12 years old, and Henry is 3 years younger. How old is Henry? 10.

2. How many tops at 2 cents each will 8 cents buy? 12 cents? 20

3. A boy paid $7 for a suir of clothes, $3 for a pair of boots, and $2 for shirts. How much did he pay for all? 10.

4. A table is three ft. long and 2 ft. wide. How many feet around the table? A boy had 6 cents, he earned 2 cents more, and then gave 3 cents to his sister. How many cents had he left? 20

5. ½ of 12=? ½ of 8=? 12—3—4=? Two 3's and 4=? How many 3's in 9? ½ of 6=? ½ of 8 and 2 more=? ½ of a dozen eggs =? How many feet in 3 yds? I paid $12 for 3 pigs. What is the cost of 1 pig=? 40.

THIRD YEAR.

Reading and Language. 1. Read "Little Gustava" and copy two lines in two different stanzas that show the time of year. 20.

2. Teacher select a reading. 80.

3. Copy the sentences of lesson 38, page 45, and fill the blank as directed. 40.

4. Write a story of your school after the outline lesson 64, page 55. 60.

Spelling.—Turnip, patience, soul, shepherd, guide, congress, hasten, famine, palace, exhaustion, pretty, besiege, receipt, hickory, decide, fleece, veil, approve, scholar, examine, gnat, mosquito, beetle, ache, rye.

Arithmetic.—1. Fill blanks: 2 bu. = —— pks; 1½ gal. = —— qts; 10 qt. = —— gal.; ½ = —— ⅛'s; 3-5 = 1-10's.

2. If John earns a quarter of a dollar in 1 hour, how many dollars can he earn in 15 hours? 20.

3. At $6 a yard, how many yards of cloth con be bought for $24? For $42? 20.

4. Beile had 37 cents, she paid 20 cents for a pan, and 10 cents for ribbon. How many cents had she left? 20.

5. James bought 15 papers at 3 cents each and sold them at 5 cents each. How much did he make? 20.

FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS.

Reading.—1. Who wrote Hiawatha? What other poems of his have you read? 10.

2. Write a quotation of Longfellow's from memory. 20.

3. What is meant by Gitche Gume? By Big-Sea-Water? By Lokomis? Naked Bear? White-fire insect? 20.

4. Define: Sinew, lulled, wigwam, linden, wail. 10.

5. Read two stanzas of Hiawatha. 50.

Spelling.—Ocean, auction, pension, buy, sew, piteous, outrageous, mysterious, senior, peculiar, sleigh, jamb, annually, sugar, fissure, way, knead, freight, seige, sloping, woolly, separate, ceiling, women, celery. 100.

Arithmetic. Fourth Year.—1. How many pounds will 36 books weigh, if each book weighs 20 ounces? 20.

2. Reduce 13600 inches to yards. Reduce 172 pints to bushels. 20.

3. If a man sleeps 7 hr. 45 min. 20 sec. each day, how long will he sleep in 24 days? 20.

4. Paid $304 for 38 bbl. of flour, and sold the same at $9.12 a bbl. What was the whole gain? 20.

5. 6300 ÷ 15 — 372 ÷ 3 = ? (12460-(-10)x(475—377) — ? 20.

Arithmetic. Fifth Year.—1. I have 17 bbl. of flour, for which I paid $4½ per bbl. For how much must I sell the whole to gain $15½. 20.

2. If 12 lb. of tea cost $5½, what will be the cost of 1½ lb.? 20.

3. If 5 be added to both terms of the fraction ⅓, will its value be increased or diminished? 20.

4. How many yards of silk, 55 yd. wide, will it take to line a cloak, made of 6 yd. of cloth 1-2 yd. wide? 20.

5. The product of two numbers is 6.23; one of the numbers is 124.6. What is the other number?

Language. Fourth Year.—1. Use correctly "sit," "set," "lie," "lay," "rise" or "raise," to fill the blank in these sentences.

1. They——under the trees.
2. ——the things on the table.
3. Planters ——cotton and tobocco.
4. Shall you——early?
5. ——the rug on the grass, and——in the sunshine.
6. Fog and smoke——higher than this.
7. ——here and——your head on the cushion.
8. Now I——me down to sleep.
9. She——the hen on duck's eggs.
10. The hen——on the eggs. 40.

2. Write a story from the outline lesson 50. A Sleigh Ride. 60.

Geography.—1. Make a list of the states and their Capitals.

2. Name 5 rivers flowing into the Atlantic, 5 into the Gulf of Mexico.

3. What are the principal products of the New England States? The Southern States?

4. Which States touch the Mississippi? The Ohio? The Great Lakes?

5. With what would a train from Kansas bound for New York be loaded? From Boston to Denver?

Physiology. Fourth Year.—1. Name the special senses. Why special senses?

2. Through which do we determine form? Odor? Sound? Flavor? Beauty?

3. Give some directions for sleeping.

4. Give two special uses of the bones of the body. Locate a hinge joint. A ball and socket joint.

5. Tell what you can about the effect of alcohol and tobacco upon the bones.

History. Fifth Year.—1. Write the story of Major Andre and General Arnold.

2. When and where did Cornwallis surrender?

3. What cities have been the capitals of the United States?

4. Which were the first four States admitted into the Union after the Revolution?

5. Name the President, and two battles of the war of 1812.

SIXTH, SEVENH, AND EIGHTH YEARS.

Reading. 1. Read two stanzas of the "Chambered Nautilus."

2. Explain: "Ship of Pearl," "lustrous coil," Triton, "low-vaulted past," "caves of thought."

3. Define: "Enchanted," siren, tenant, spiral, dome.

4. What is the lesson taught by "The Chambered Nautilus?

5. Who wrote it? What other pieces did he write? Which do you like best? Why?

Spelling.—Actor, assessor, payee, guarantor, tilde, hyphen, cedilla, gratis, gesture, synopsis, scheme, scholar, adieu, annual, soda, umbrella, macaroni, merino, dairy, oven, choose, choice, catalogue, tissue, molar, larynx, disobey, croup, cough, measles, typhoid, zinc, sulphur, oxygen, equinox, squaw, canoe, quinine, opossum, engineer, sheriff, treasurer, constable, caucus, campaign, illegible, saucer, chestnut, bouquet, wrestle.

Arithmetic.—Sixth Year. 1. How many boxes, each containing 12 lbs., can be filled from a hogshead containing 9 cwt. 60 lbs. of sugar?

2. Multiply 8 times 32 by 6 times 27, and divide the product by 9 times 96. Use cancellation method.

3. What is the greatest number that will divide 620, 1116, and 1488? 396, 5184 6914?

4. Divide the L. C. M. of 7, 42, 6, 9, 10, and 630, by the G. C. D. of 110, 140, and 680.

5. A man owning ⅞ of a factory, sold 4-5 of his share for $2570⅞; how much was the whole factory worth?

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEARS.

ARITHMETIC. 1. If 125 bushels of apples cost $82½, how many barrels, each containing 2½ bushels, can be bought for $224.40?

2.—The bread made from a barrel of flour weighs 35 per cent. more than the flour. What is the weight of the bread?

3.—I bought 108 bu. of seed at $4.62½ a bu., and sold it so as to gain $114.88¾. What per cent profit did I make?

4.—If I sell goods for $1250 on 6 months' credit, which cost me $1195 cash, what is my loss, money being worth 10 per cent?

5.—How many days will 21 men require to dig a ditch 80 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, and 8 ft. deep, if 7 men can dig a ditch 60 ft. long, 8 ft. wide, and 6 ft. deep, in 12 days?

FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS.

Grammar. 1.—Fill blanks with adjective clauses: A man —— owns that house. He —— will learn. I have an apple ——.

2.—Underscore the relative pronouns in these sentences: Tell me whom you saw. Those who sow will reap.

3.—Add objective clauses to these blanks: We know——. He said——. I could tell——.

4.—Form as many participles as you can from these verbs. Go, sit, see, spell, lie, learn, write, study, answer, find.

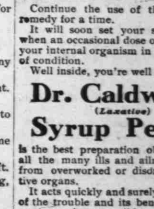
5.—Write a letter to a friend and tell him how you spent Thanksgiving.

Continued on page eight.

THE SUN AND

	Both papers 1 yr
Bryan's Commoner	$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
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Nashville American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
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One Bottle



of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, used as directed, will give you immediate relief from the inexpressible tortures occasioned by constipation, and its attendant ills.

Continue the use of this wonderful remedy for a time.

It will soon set your system right, when an occasional dose of it will keep your internal organism in the very pink of condition.

Well inside, you're well all over.

Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin

is the best preparation obtainable for all the many ills and ailments arising from overworked or disordered digestive organs.

It acts quickly and surely on the cause of the trouble and its beneficial effects are instantly perceptible.

It will cure the most obstinate cases.

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin can be obtained in both dollar and half-dollar sizes from all druggists.

Your money will be refunded if it does not benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "Dr. Caldwell's Book of Wonders" and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Write today.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.
Monticello, Illinois

Sold by The Red Cross Drug Store.

New Firm

Will H. Johnson.
J. S. McCabe.

Johnson & McCabe.

GROCERIES

Having purchased the stock of groceries of J. C. Shader we are prepared to furnish at all times—

High-Grade Groceries, Staple and Fancy.

X-MAS

We are prepared to fill X-mas orders with the best things of the season. Leave or 'phone your orders and they will receive our best attention. A share of your patronage will be appreciated. 'Phone 116.

JOHNSON & McCABE.

Marion Notes.

Falcon: Mrs. Frank J. Roberts, aged sixty-three years, died at her home, near this city, Tuesday morning, after an illness of only a few hours. She had been in her usual good health until Monday evening, when she was taken suddenly ill with what seemed to be neuralgia of the stomach.

Last night thieves smashed one of the big plate-glass windows at Rinehart & Osborn's, containing some clothing, and broke a show window at A. Kelly & Son's, procuring about $10 worth of candy and fruit. About the time the robbery was supposed to be in progress some one set fire to the big mill, but it was soon discovered by the night watchman and quickly extinguished.

Mrs. I. Ernest Abell had a narrow escape from being burned Monday. While in front of an open fire at her home in the country her apron ignited, and the blaze ran up before her, but with rare presence of mind she quickly unfastened the apron and threw it into the yard before the remainder of her clothing caught.

Mr. F. M. Watkins and Mrs. Laura Wines were married by Rev. A. C. Graves on Dec. 12.

Mrs. Rose Mackin has sold her farm of 190 acres, on the Lebanon and Springfield pike, to Messrs. Harmon & Pirtle at $50 per acre.

Joe Bosley, colored, had his head badly bruised and all the toes of his right foot cut off by the train Sunday near the big flour mill.

A Certain Cure for Croup.

When a child shows symptoms of croup there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail, viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton of Market, Texas, says of it, "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in severe cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief." For sale by C. J. Haydon.

A Wonder.

Harrodsburg Herald: The colored Baptist church is holding a big revival and there has been a large number of additions. Last Friday night, when the invitation was given for sinners to come to the mourner's bench, a seven year old child climbed up and said he wanted to identify himself and cast his lot with Christian people. He then asked permission to talk, which was granted him, and he then gave them a most wonderful talk, saying among other things that no doubt many thought that he was too young to know what he was doing, but he was never more serious about anything in his life; that by his actions he had saved his soul and was guaranteed a seat in Heaven among the blest. His talk created a profound impression upon his hearers

No Secret About It.

It is no secret, that for Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore Eyes, Boils, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It didn't take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes," writes D. L. Gregory, of Hope, Tex. 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

A cow weighing 3,450 pounds is on exhibition at Talmouth, Pendleton county.

Your Life Current.

The power that gives you life and motion is the nerve force, or nerve fluid, located in the nerve cells of the brain, and sent out through the nerves to the various organs.

If you are tired, nervous, irritable, cannot sleep; have headache, feel stuffy, dull and melancholy, or have neuralgia, rheumatism, backache, periodical pains, indigestion, dyspepsia, stomach trouble, or the kidneys and liver are inactive, your life-current is weak.

Power-producing fuel is needed; something to increase nerve energy—strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is the fuel you need. It feeds the nerves, produces nerve force, and restores vitality.

"When I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Anti-Pain Pills I was confined to my bed. I had severe nervous spells, the result of two years' illness with malaria. I gradually grew so weak that I was unable to sit up. The spells would commence with cold chills, and I would become weak and almost helpless. My circulation was poor. I had doctored right along but grew weaker and weaker. The Nervine seemed to strengthen me right away and my circulation was better. I have taken in all seven bottles of the Nervine, and I am entirely well."
ROSA E. WEAVER, Stuarts, Ia.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

STEP IN

AND SEE MY LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Rings, Watches, Chains, Pins, Cut Glass, Silverware and Silver Novelties

You will have no trouble in selecting **Something to Suit** if you will visit my store.

Don't miss the place, Main Street opposite Presbyterian Church.

JAS. J. GRAVES.

Springfield, Kentucky.

BUGGIES CHEAP

DON'T BUY A BUGGY until you've seen what I now have in stock. I will make you a special price on every vehicle in my house for the next few weeks.

J. B. ROBERTSON.

BUGGIES CHEAP BUGGIES CHEAP BUGGIES CHEAP

Woman Sent Up for Twenty-One Years.

Dixion, Ky., Dec. 15.—The jury in the case of the Commonwealth versus Mrs. Emma Roach and her two brothers, charged with the killing of her husband, returned a verdict to-day at 1:30 o'clock. The punishment of Mrs. Roach was fixed at twenty-one years in the penitentiary, and her brothers, Robert and Rich Crenshaw, were given eleven years each.

The case was given to the jury yesterday at 2 o'clock, the long delay in reaching a virdict being on account of two jurors holding out for a charge of murder and the death penalty for Mrs. Rorch. Intense interest was manifested in the case throughout, it being necessary all the time to keep a deputy sheriff on guard at the entrance to the court house to prevent the court room from being over crowded.

After the verdict was rendered and the prisoners were returned to the jail, Mrs. Roach attempted to commit suicide with a piece of glass. She made only a slight wound on her throat, but would have killed herself but for the prompt action of the jailer.

THREE STRAY SHOATS.—Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement and their keep. B. H. YOUNG.

A blood-red chicken hawk was captured near South Elkhorn.

Do Not Neglect a Cold.

Every cold weakens the Lungs, lowers the Vitality and makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold, thus paving the way for more serious diseases.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE SUCH CHANCES?

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP

PERMANENTLY CURES

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Lungs.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW THAT BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP CONTAINS NO OPIATES, DOES NOT CONSTIPATE CHILDREN AND WILL POSITIVELY CURE CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH.

MRS. SALLIE LOCKBAR, Goldthwaite, Tex., says: "We have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for several years, and it always gives satisfaction. When the children had Croup and Whooping Cough it always relieved them at once, and I would not be without it in the house, as it is the BEST MEDICINE we know of."

Best Remedy for Children. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c and $1.00.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
C. J. HAYDON, - - - - Springfield, Ky.

DEEP CREEK.

[Left Over From Last Week.]

Word has reached us that there will be service at Beech Grove, conducted by Bro. H. P. Hatchett, next Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. John W. Pope, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Young, at Danville, has returned home.

Mr. James Drury, who suffered for three days and nights with hemorrhage at the nose, so that the family physician had to be called, is now reported better.

Mr. John H. C. Elliott is getting along nicely with the work on his new house.

Mr. Charles Rhodes, of Danville, spent several days last week with Mr. Willie Elliott and went hunting.

Messrs. Grover Elliott and Willie B. and Bennie R. Carpenter, while stripping tobacco, were in some way locked in the room in which they were at work; but Grover released his companions by reaching the outside through a window and unlocking the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Green Nichols spent Sunday with the family of Mr. J. H. C. Elliott.

Mr. James Bottom, son of Mrs. Fannie Bottom, who eloped to Jellico and was married some time last year and has since made his home in Illinois, returned last Thursday, accompanied by his wife and child.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carpenter spent Friday and Saturday with the latter's parents.

Messrs. George and J. H. Elliott, Jr., are working in Boyle county this week.

Your correspondent was much pleased with the suggestion of the Prather's Creek correspondent, in a recent letter, to have a union or meeting of all The Sun's scribes at some future time, when they could become acquainted with each other, discuss and adopt plans for their future work that will materially aid the Editor of The Sun in his efforts to make his paper the best in the State, and make the occasion a success socially and one long to be remembered by the kind editor and his numerous correspondents. I hope the subject will not be permitted to die for want of proper nourishment—constant agitation—and that the meeting may ultimately realized.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

OUR WINTER COAL!

Now is the time to give us your order. You know we handle the best goods.

McClure & Wells

The Farmer

Will find our line of Buggies, Harness, Farming Implement, etc., complete.

Old Hickory, Studebaker and Champion Farm Wagons are the best. They have stood the test of time; they have been found not wanting in strength and durability, but WANTED by every experienced farmer and wagoner.

We handle the Ohio Feed Cutters, the best in the world.

If you need fencing buy that which has been proven the best,

The Page and Elwood Field Fencing.

The Hagan Gasoline Engine

Is noted for its simplicity and strength. "It keeps a-runnin'" This can not be said of other makes of "gasolines". Most of them often refuse to "budge," and that, too, at a time when "budging" is very necessary. Buy the Hagan and you will save Worry, and "Wickedness."

McClure & Wells, Springfield, Ky.

Christmas Presents

How Would a Selection From These Suit?

Canes, umbrellas. ties, mufflers, gloves, suit cases, sofa pillows, fancy combs, comb sets, collar and cuff boxes, glove boxes, children's furs, opera bags, belts, children's kid gloves, silk shawles, bedroom slippers, lace collars, embroidered shirt waist patterns, handkerchiefs, hand bags, bear-skin caps and cloaks for children, fancy ribbons, holly ribbons, center pieces, scarfs, doyles, toques, ladies umbrellas, etc., etc.

SPECIAL PRICES ON LACE CURTAINS AND ON ALL CLOTHING IN HOUSE.

GRUNDY & McINTIRE

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, December 20, 1905.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

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A PAPER FREE.

To every person who will pay arrears and one year's subscription in advance, we will give, absolutely free a full year's subscription to Farm and Fireside. The only condition is that you must accept this offer within thirty days from date, as the publishers of Farm and Fireside limit us to that time.

Farm and Fireside is America's greatest twice-a-month Farm and Family Journal, 24 to 36 large pages every issue, with nearly two million readers throughout the United States. Something in it for every member of the family, and all the farm and rural topics are ably discussed.

Send your order to-day.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

There will be no issue of The Sun on next Wednesday, December 27; our next issue will be on January 3.

We are going to "take Christmas;" our printers are going to have a big time, too. For over sixteen years, or ever since we have been connected with a newspaper, we have been "jumping" Christmas week; it gives us a chance to get straightened out for another year of hard work; it gives our printers a chance to figure fortunes out of the future, and to think upon the subject of taking unto themselves a boss, and, under these circumstancs, we feel that we are justified in "slipping a cog."

Our subscribers are going to be too busy having a good time to read The Sun; we hope they will crowd pure, Christmas cheer into their souls until it overflows and trickles away in a stream of melody.

We hope that every correspondent of The Sun will hang 'em up and get 'em filled full—full-filled, then, will be our hopes, you see. Some time ago we were asked this question: "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Of course, if we had that much "cash on hand" we would do several things which we are not now doing, but among the first things we would do this Christmas would be to place in the socks and stockings of every one of our correspondents a brand new one thousand dollar bill, and —wouldn't that fill 'em full?

Now, a parting word.

Let's try to make somebody happy! Let's try to make some poor man's child feel that there is a Santa Claus who loves it even in its tatters. Open your purse strings during the Christmas time. A "little giving" in the sight of a great God touches where prayers can not reach.

Here's a handshake for 1906.

MR. CLAYBROOKE'S CARD.

In this issue we print Mr. Claybrooke's card declaring for Paynter for United States Senator. We had hoped that Mr. Claybrooke would declare for Senator Blackburn, and we honestly believed that a majority of the Democrats of Washington county favored Blackburn's election, but, as we have made no special inquiry into the matter we can not say that we were correct in this belief. Mr. Claybrooke says in his card that he has interviewed a great many Democrats from every section of the county and that an overwhelming sentiment of those interested in the election of a United States Senator is for Paynter, therefore he deems it his duty to cast his vote for him. However, Mr. Claybroorke's announcement is made as to the people's choice in the race for Senator as it is now made up. As is well-known among Democrats of this county the Hon. Ben Johnson, of Bardstown, has been frequently mentioned as a possible candidate, although he has at no time signified a willingness to allow his name to be presented to the caucus. However, should he consent to do this Mr. Claybrooke informs The Sun that he would cast his vote for Mr. Johnson. There is not a question that Ben Johnson would practically be the unanimous choice of Washington county's Democracy.

He's Coming Soon.

I've known some mean men in my time—
For instance, one who tried
To skin a flea because he heard
Some one would buy the hide.
Another gave his son a dime
To skip each evening meal,
And when the boy had gone to bed
The dime would slyly steal.

And once I knew a man who dined
Each day down town in state,
And then at eve go home and kick
On what his family ate.
Another stopped the clock at night
To save ware on the wheels;
And one would walk upon tiptoes
To save ware on his heels.

The world is full of men so mean
That they would rather see
A lot of children shedding tears
Than see them laugh with glee.
Such men but cumber up the earth
And fill life full of woe;
But think they are engaged in good
Wnen they are acting so.

But of mean men defend me from
The sordid, selfish one
Who would deprive the little folk
Of all their Christmas fun.
The very meanest of them all—
The meanest ever was—
Are those who are so mean they say
There is no Santa Claus.

Of course there is a Santa Claus!
We've seen him lots of times.
The jolly fellow comes each year
And down the chimney climbs.
We've seen his reindeers prance and run;
We've heard his sleighbells chime.
No Santa Claus! Just wait and see—
He'll be here Christmas time!

—Will M. Maupin.

Dying of Famine.

The progress of consumtion, from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying different medicines and a good doctor, in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery, which quickly and perfectly cured me." Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at C. J. Haydon's drug store, price 50c and $1.00 a bottle. Trial bottle free.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

FOR PAYNTER

Hon. W. D. Claybrooke Will Cast His Vote In the Democratic Caucus.

Springfield, Ky., Dec. 19, 1905.

EDITOR SUN:—

Before and since I was elected to represent the people of Washingtan county in the next Legislature of Kentucky, I announced that when it came to casting my vote in caucus for a candidate for the United State Senate I



would be controled by the wish of the Democratic votes of the county. That I might carry out this announced intention I have carefully sounded the sentiment of the Democrats of the county, honestly endeavoring to get at their desire in the matter. Quietly, and with the view of stiring up as little discord as possible. I have interviewed a great many Democrats from all different parts of the county, and I feel sure that I am now fully advised of the whole situation as I ever can be. As the race is now made up the overwhelming sentiment of those manafesting any interest in the matter at all is for Judge Paynter and as matters now stand, I have determined to so cast my vote as Represenitve of Washington county in the Legislative caucus that will be held to nominate a Democratic candidate for United States Senator

The people of Washington county have been kind to me in many ways; I appreciate this, and especially am I profoundly grateful for the favors and honors I have received at the hand of the Democratic party in the county and having for the reason given determined to cast the vote of the county for Judge Paynter, I feel that I have discharged a duty that I owe to myself to take a stand in the Senatorial race, and I feel that the people and the Democratic party of Washington county should know it so that further stiring up of feeling and controversy over the matter may end, hence this cord.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These Tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial who the system is congested by a cold re-attack of the grip. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

CARDWELL.

Mrs. Pres. Cooksey and son visited at W. L. Graham's Sunday night.

The little fourteen months-old daughter of E. J. Perkins was badly burned by putting both hands against the stove. She is doing nicely at present.

Mrs. Alice Perkins visited at S. H. Gardner's Sunday.

E. G. Holiday bought from W. L. Graham one 4-year-old horse for $105.

R. A. Willham bought one yearling horse at E. W. Summers sale at $65.

J. H. Pinkston bought one 2-year-old horse for $89. B. M. Shewmaker one 7-year-old mare for $109.

E. T. Perkins and family visited at M. A. Perkins Monday.

J. A. Kyler bought one cow and calf for $51.50.

W. L. Graham sold to R. A. Willham one colt for $32.50.

Wayne County will vote on removal of Courthouse February 6, and a lively fight is looked for.

Mrs. C. L. Grundy, Route 1, has for sale Brown Leghorn ducks.

CHRISTMAS GREETING!

This being our last opportunity before Christmas we now wish

ALL OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year.

We also take this opportunity to express to you our hearty appreciation of your loyal support during the past, and hope to merit a continuance of same by

"A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL."

McELROY BROS.

A Trustworthy Drug Store

In nothing can the public be fooled more easily than in the quality of pure drugs. Even the druggists are sometimes fooled.

However, you can depend upon getting the right quality of everything here. We spend time, care and money to make sure that our drugs are right, and we guarantee their quality. We want this to be known as a store in which you can be confident of getting

Purest Drugs,
Scientific Compounding,
Reasonable Prices.

Red ✚ Drug Store

SMOCK & HAYDON, PROPRIETORS

A Cold On The Chest



Is Always Uncomfortable and Often Dangerous

This is the season for colds, and you will be wise to provide yourself with a bottle "MENTHOLATED" Cough Syrup. Neglect of a cold in its early stages is worse than carelessness. A well-known lung specialist called it

Constructive Suicide

We guarantee that this cough medicine will quickly cure a fresh cold, and will relieve even the most obstinate cough of long standing. The price is only 25 cents per bottle. Lots of other kinds and other medicines here.

C. J. HAYDON
CORNER DRUG STORE

Santa Claus

Our Grocery Department is Filled with the

PUREST CANDIES

Choicest Nuts, Oranges, Bananas, Raisins, Dates, Figs, Grapes, Etc.

For X-mas

An Invitation

Is extended to you by Hagan Bros. to come in and see their fine line of Christmas Goods. They have the following pieces in "Haviland," "Elite," Limoges and Bavarian China, both in

Gorgeous Hand-Painted

AND PLAIN PATTERNS.

Fruit Dishes	Jewel Boxes	Mocho Pots
Salad Bowls	Whip Cream Bowls	Berry Sets
Fancy Plates	Hair Recievers	Comb & Brush Trays
Nut Bowls	Bon-Bon Boxes	Tankards
Celery Trays	Chop Plates	Candle Sticks
Vases	Lamps	Almond Trays
Tea Pots	Dinner Sets	Bisque Figures
Sugar & Cream Sets	Tea Sets	Chocolate Cups
Dresser Trays	Cups and Saucers	Cuspidors
Cake Plates	Medallions	Shaving Mugs
Sugar Shakes	Tobacco Jars	Ice Cream Service
Syrup Stands	Roll Trays	Bon-Bon Dishes
Mint Trays	Chocolate Sets	Bisque Novelties
Cracker Jars	A. D. Coffee Cups	Pitchers
Olive Baskets	Card Trays	Steins
Service Bowls	B. & B. Plates	Toilet Sets
Jardinieres	Water Sets	CUT-GLASS

Hagan Bros.

"Gilt Edge"

We are sole agents For

"GILT EDGE"

Canned Goods.

We take pleasure in showing you our goods Your visits appreciated.

The Best

Local News Notes.

Open For Job Work.

While there will be no issue of The Sun next week the office will be open every day. If you want anything in the job printing line don't fail to call. Or if you want to pay your subscription you will find the "latch string hanging out."

Born, to the wife of Robert Thompson, on the 13th, a boy—and to the wife of Will Duncan, on the 17th a girl.

Rice 5c per lb., at Johnson & McCabe's.

BAD BLOOD.—Last Thursday night the people around the poultry house of M. H. Jones were aroused from their peace and tranquility by a fight which occurred between Will. Brown and Ciel Mickins and their respective followers, all of color. According to the testimony in Police Court Friday it appeared that Ciel got the worst of the deal in the fight, but as the Judge wished to give all a "square deal" in his court he did not discriminate against Ciel, but let him have $5 and cost giving Will the same dose.

Fresh celery received daily. C. W. Hagan.

FOR RENT.—Dwelling house with seven rooms on Main street in Springfield. Apply to C. T. Logsdon. pd3

We are sole agents for Black's celebrated coffees; 18, 20, 25 and 30c per lb., at Johnson & McCabe's.

Geo. Lewis, a colored man, died at his home below town Sunday.

Last Monday one of the landmarks of Springfield passed away when Jerry Evans, the old negro man who has been known around Springfield for so long, died of the infirmities of old age. The deceased was about 80 years of age. Jerry was an old soldier and was a member of the local post, G. A. R.

Next Monday being Christmas day Judge Litsey will not hold court on that day, but will sit Tuesday December 26 in order that the out-of-town people may not be inconvenienced in their business.

Born, to the wife of W. D. McElroy, a girl.

MONEY IN TURKEYS.—Mrs. Sam Hall, of McIntire, sold forty-four Mammoth Bronze turkeys to the Springfield Poultry Co., Saturday, Dec. 9, for $99.70, an average price of $2.26.

STRAY CALF.—A red, or roan, calf strayed from my place about two weeks ago. Information appreciated.
IRVINE MANN,
Booker, Ky.

Banks Will Close.

Both the First National and Peoples banks will be closed on next Monday, Christmas day. Positively no business will be transacted on this day.

AN ESTRAY.—On last Monday I took up as an estray a shorthorn bull, off the Bloomfield pike, at Steve Wheatley's. Owner may have same by paying for this notice and his keep.
up 4 S. D. Mudd.

Nice casing, for stuffing fresh sausage, can be found at G. F. Carpenter's.

I have accepted a position with C.W. Hagan and will be glad to have my friends call and see me.
WILL F. SIMMS.

Wanted, your eggs, butter, etc., at Johnson & McCabe's.

Mrs. Conrad Hertline's "doll window" is unquestionably a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The dolls are "housekeeping" in the window, and are preparing to partake of the Christmas dinner. Mrs. Hertlein is a genius, and we doubt whether there is another woman in the state who can boast of being a better decorator than she.

Heinze sweet and sour pickle in bulk at Johnson & McCabe's.

Fruits, candies, nuts and fireworks at Johnson & McCabe's.

Mrs. C. L. Grundy, Springfield, Ky., has for sale thorougher bred Brown Leghorn cocks at 50 cents each if taken at once.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—County Clerk Booker has issued the following marriage licens: Mr. David Hardin and Miss Sarah Toben, Mr. Henry Vandivier and Miss Claudia Royalty.

We sell "Sugarloaf" brand caned goods none better, Johnson & McCabe's.

The handsome new brick business house being erected by Messrs. Tobin and Boblitt on Wall Street is rapidly nearing completion. The building will be one of the prettiest in Springfield and will be an ornament to the town.

STRAY MULES.—Two mules, mare and horse, dark bays; horse mule larger than mare mule. Strayed from my place last Wednesday. Information appreciated. MANEUL MORAJA,
pd. 1t Springfield, Ky.

For ten days only I will sell A. No. 1 Coffee, a regular 20c coffee, for 15c. Now is the time to buy. Remember, for 10 days only. C. W. HAGAN.

Send me your produce; best market price paid at all times; cash if preferred. C. W. HAGAN.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. C. C. McChord is in Louisville this week.

—W. R. Selecman was in Louisville Sunday.

—Mr. Henry Lee was in Louisville this week.

—Harry Shader is at home for the holidays.

—Mr. Frank Montgomery is in Louisville this week.

—Dr. Crume, of Fredericktown, was here Sunday.

—Mr. Wallace Duncan is at home to spend a few days.

—Jack McChord is at home for the Christmas holidays.

—Miss Emily Russell is visiting her family at this place.

—Mrs. J. I. Wimsatt is visiting in Louisville this week.

—Mrs. Lizzie Durrett visited in Bloomfield last week.

—Miss Althair Medley has returned home from Louisville.

—Miss Willie Knott spent a few days in Louisville this week.

—Mrs. G. C. Wharton has returned home from Louisville.

—Dr. Yates, of Louisville, is at home to spend the holidays.

—Mr. Will. Huston, of Maud, was here one day last week.

—Miss Ella Shaunty and sister were here one day last week.

—W. D. Claybrooke was in Louisville and Frankfort last week.

—Mr. Will. Dorisy, of Louisville, is here to spend the holidays.

—Misses Lydia and Hallie Huston, of Maud, were here last week.

—J. M. Burton and Mrs. Katie Williams were in Lebanon Monday.

—Mr. Jim Thompson, of Bardstown, was here this week on business.

—Miss May Mulvey, of Lebanon, was in Springfield one day this week.

—Mr. Dick Mullican, of Frankfort, is at home to spend the holidays.

—Misses Ida and Pearl Claybrooke were in town one day last week.

—Mr. George E. Medley, of Owensboro, is at home to spend Christmas.

—Miss Myrtle Croake has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Croake.

—Miss Pearl Edelen and Joe Polin attended the plays at St. Mary's recently.

—Mrs. Finley Scruggs and children, of Chicago, are visiting relatives here.

—Mr. Dix, of Louisville, was here last week in the interest of the Y. M. C. A.

—Mr. F. R. Hodapp, of Louisville, was here the first of the week on business.

—Misses Katie Wakefield and Annie Jones, of Maud, were here one day this week.

—Miss Gertrude Stoker has returned home after a visit to Miss Myrtle Price.

—Miss Annie Latimer has returned home after a visit to friends in the South.

—Mr. Irvine Wimsatt is at home to spend the Christmas holidays with his family.

—Miss Mamie Knott, who is attending school at Nazareth is at home for the holidays

—Messrs. Jewett Brown and Tom Simms were in Danville Monday on business.

—Miss Mary Hamilton, of Fredericktown, visited Miss Sarah Simms last week.

—Misses Louise Settle and Eva Royalty, of Maud, where here one day last week.

—Mr. Joe Conner and sister, of Fredericktown, were here one day last week.

—Mrs. R. H. Shader and little neice, Olivia Clements, have returned home from Louisville.

—Mr. Dillard S. Tapp, who is connected with Armour & Co., is at home for the holidays.

—Miss Nellie Greene, who is attending school at Nazareth, is at home to spend the holidays.

—Mrs. W. E. Leachman has returned home after a two weeks' visit to her mother in Louisville.

—Miss Annie Grundy, who has been visiting Miss Annie McChord, has returned to her home in Louisville.

—Mr. Watt Clements, who has been visiting his parents near here, has returned to his home in Union county.

—Miss Annie Peters, who has been nursing Mrs. Parnlee Isham, at Mackville, has returned home to spend the Christmas holidays.

—Sergeant A. G. Yankey, who is attending State College, at Lexington, will be at home Wednesday to spend the holiday with his parents.

Sausage casing, for stuffing sausage, at G. F. Carpenter's.

Mr. Woodson Moss, of Sullivan, Ind., is here to take charge of the Walton Hotel on January 7. Mr. Moss is an excellent gentleman and a practical hotel man. It is predicted that he will be successful in his efforts to make the Walton a complete success. It is not known just at this time where Mr. Thompson, the present proprietor, will locate. The people of Springfield regret very much that he will leave. Mr. Thompson and wife have been very successful in the management of the Walton, and where ever they locate success is almost certain to crown their efforts.

TAPP-MILLER.—The engagement of Mr. Dillard S. Tapp and Miss Margaret Miller, of Louisville, has been announced and will be of interest to the people of Springfield. Mr. Tapp was reared here and was formerly in business at this place, but for some years has been connected with Armour & Co. Miss Miller is a very attractive young lady, of Louisville. The wedding will be a quiet home affair solemnized at the home of the bride. After the marriage the young couple will make their home at Carbondale, Ill., from which point Mr. Tapp will travel for the J. C. C. Waldeck Provision Co., of St. Louis, with whom he has secured a very desirable position.

Boys, Boys, Boys!

Boys, this is not sun time nor railroad time, but Xmas time. This is the time to repay your lady friends for the many kindnesses shown you. Nothing reaches the heart of a lady like a nice box of candy or a nice basket of fruits. Remember that never before was there such a line of goods in this town as I have, and they are in the reach of all. Call and see for yourself; it costs you nothing and it is a pleasure for me.
C. W. HAGAN.

Cut price in all can goods for the next 15 days. C. W. HAGAN.

Are you going to stuff fresh sausage? You can get the casing at Carpenter's.

Farm For Rent For Cash.

At Fredericktown, Ky., of about 110 acres river and creek bottom land; 50 acres in corn and tobacco, 20 acres in timothy, balance oats and grass. Two tenant houses, stock barns and new tobacco barn for 7 acres. Apply to
tf J. R. CONNOR,
Fredericktown, Ky.

Fireworks, fruits and nuts of all kinds at C. W. Hagan's.

TOYS

I have a beautiful line of toys and I am anxious for you to bring the children in to see them.

Doll Dressers
Little Dishes
Chairs
Lamps

and numerous other things which will please the Children.

Full line of Candies, Nuts, Oranges, and Fruits of all kinds.

S. M. CAMPBELL.

Hides Wanted!

I want all kinds of hides and furs. Bring them to me and get Cash for them. For the next two weeks I will pay

9½c

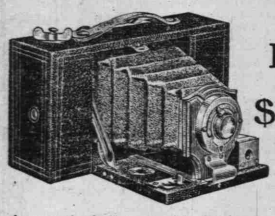
For Green Beef Hides, Or

10½c

For Salted Hides. Bring them to me

M. H. Jones.

No. 2 Folding Brownie



Price, $5.00

A wonderfully capable and accurate camera built on the Kodak plan. Good enough to satisfy experienced photographers, yet so simple that children can use it.

PICTURES 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

Loads in daylight with film Cartridges.

Fitted with meniscus lens, and shutter with iris diaphragm stops.

Full description in Kodak Catalog FREE at any photographic dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.



The Best COAL On the Market!

Is to be had right hear at my yards. Maybe you think that all coal is alike. Well, it isn't by a jugful.

—TRY A TON—

of ours and you'll know better. You'll find it lasting longer than you expected. That's because it's all good, clean coal, of the grade. If I can sell you one ton now, I'll probably get all of your next winter's trade.

I BUY PRODUCE

M. H. Jones

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed.

JAMES E. CALDWELL, President & Gen'l Manager. LELAND HUME, Sec'y & Ass't Gen'l Mgr. T. D. WEBB, Treasurer.

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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CHAPTER IV.

THE events of that day, together with the two surprising sequels, to which I shall come presently, set me for the whole of a week upon the horns of doubt and perplexity. I was embarrassed by so strange a sequence of accidents. Somewhere behind and still aloof, but self confessed, as it were, by the conduct and deportment of my unfortunate host, hung the shadows of a mystery to which I had no clew. It was plain that he had a secret which he kept very private and to which I should have been admitted on the very eve of his unhappy death. That death, so to say, had robbed me of my opportunity, and I could see no means to regain it. My dim suspicion that he had come by his end through violence was dissipated soon enough. The doctor certified to heart disease, from which he told me that Mr. Kesteven had long suffered.

"He might have gone off any moment, Mr. Greatorex," he explained. "A shock, a violent exertion, even a strong emotion—this would suffice to determine the climax of the disease."

A shock! The word lingered somehow in my thoughts without particular reason. The cries I had heard might well enough have been drawn from the old man in his last pains, and yet I had the impression that such deaths were usually instant, if not painless. Those shrieks had been prolonged and reiterated.

And here it was that I had my first surprise. Under the stress of the painful emotions of that time I had forgotten the leaf of paper which I had taken from the dead fingers. But while I was revolving the circumstances of the mystery the recollection of it flashed suddenly upon me, and feeling in my pockets I discovered it where it had remained since the entrance of the housekeeper. It was broad daylight, and the doctor from Llanellan had just gone from the house. I laid the paper upon my bedroom table and studied it carefully. It was of stiff parchment and stained yellow with the dust and dirt of years, much worn in parts and its margin gnawed as if by mice or rats. The characters were faded and well nigh illegible, but I made out, with some difficulty, the faint and ancient letters. This was how the document ran:

"Turning this corner, it is necessary to proceed upon the passage for the space of some thirty footsteps and at the close thereof to pause and survey the walls. If ye will then duly determine a height of five feet from the footway thereupon will be disclosed a small knobbe, the which revolving will give access to a large cupboard within ye wall. Observe carefully upon the back of the cupboard and where the oaken pannells adjoin the stone. Here ye will perceive a spring, the which pushing a doorway shall open behind, giving entry to an interior chamber. A flight of stairway leadeth thence"—

Here the parchment had suffered so grossly at the hands of time or from the assaults of its natural enemies that the characters became unreadable and finally ceased.

It was plain that this sheet had some connection with the disclosure Mr. Kesteven had intended to make to me, but beyond this conclusion I could not go. And so after a desultory study of the ancient characters I put it aside, locking it more by habit than of intentional prudence in my private letter case.

I now stood honorably charged with the last offices to my dead friend. An inquest was inevitable in the circumstances, but it was no more than a formality, and my evidence, with that of the housekeeper, Mrs. Main, and the doctor from Llanellan, was sufficient to close the investigation. It was not until these ceremonies were over that I experienced my second surprise, a surprise which, although I had become somewhat acquainted with the eccentricities of the man, fell upon me like a thunderbolt. Upon the morning after the funeral I rode into Raymond to pay a visit to the lawyer, Greenstreet by name, who, I understood, acted on Mr. Kesteven's behalf. I regarded this as the last of my melancholy duties, which discharged, I was free once more to resume the tour which had been so strangely interrupted. Mr. Greenstreet, the little fat, bowing solicitor whom I had already seen, received me with polite ceremony. His face wore a mingled expression of solicitude and satisfaction as he fussed in a nervous manner with his papers.

"A most melancholy end, Mr. Greatorex," said he, shaking his head; "so sudden, and a sterling, honorable man, sir. Well, we must all go some day."

I put the question for which I had come and in response was saluted with a stare of astonishment.

"Any assistance, Mr. Greatorex?" he echoed, surveying me, with his mouth open. "Any assistance? Well, I suppose you can be of some assistance." And he chuckled heartily, as if inviting me to join in his joke.

I told him that I was leaving the district that same day and would like to know in what way I might aid him, seeing that it was improbable that I should revisit the neighborhood.

"Then you do not intend to reside at the castle?" he asked.

There was a certain tone of condemnation in his voice which, though I was at a loss to account for, I could not but recognize.

"Why, certainly not!" said I. "Why in the name of fortune should I? My only idea was, for Mr. Kesteven's sake, to smooth his affairs for his successors."

The little man started to his feet, and his mouth widened in a broader smile than ever. "Then is it possible that you are ignorant, Mr. Greatorex?" said he. And looking at my interrogating face he positively beamed. "Why, yes, it must be so," he said excitedly. "Mr. Kesteven, sir, by a will under date of Aug. 16, has made you his sole heir."

It was now my turn for amazement. The unexpectedness of the news left me agape, and then, after the first moment of silence, I felt my ears slowly growing warm, and I knew that I was blushing red as a peony in my confusion and astonishment.

The greedy little lawyer enjoyed the effects of his surprise.

"But the natural heirs"— I began, stammering.

"There are none," said he promptly. "The late Mr. Kesteven had no near relatives."

"The will"— I protested feebly.

"Was made three days ago. I, of course, assumed that you were well acquainted with its contents—a few legacies to his housekeeper and the servants, and yourself the residuary legatee. In order, however, not to raise your expectations too high, Mr. Greatorex," he proceeded, now more coolly and quite officially, "I may say that there is little beyond the castle itself—a bare competence and no more."

I waved my hand. "Good heavens!" said I. "But what right have I"—

"It is scarcely a question that requires an answer," he replied dryly, "so long as Mr. Kesteven had the right. But, by the way, I may say—and it is



Mr. Greenstreet received me with ceremony.

a curious coincidence"—and here he rummaged among his papers—"if you are anxious to get rid of the castle, I dare say it can be managed. Oddly enough, only this morning I had a letter from a firm of solicitors in London, assuming it was for sale and inquiring the terms. Let me see. Ah, here it is!" He handed me the letter, which was directed from the offices of a firm in Pardoe street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Quick work," I commented.

The little solicitor assented. "It is a beautiful neighborhood," he replied, rather proudly, "and the castle is a fine building. Very antique, remarkably antique."

The adjectives were hardly chosen to my taste, but I could find no fault with the sentiment. Yet it seemed strange that a purchaser should have been so instant; I had understood that the experience was uncommon in the property market. As I sat contemplating the letter Mr. Greenstreet interposed.

"Well, sir," said he, smiling, "am I to entertain the offer?"

"No," I answered, though I could hardly have said why.

"You will live on the property?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes," I replied, adding, "for the present."

But, in truth, I was in no state of mind to determine upon any particular course with definition, so involved were my emotions in the face of the extraordinary news I had heard. It was an amazing stroke of good luck which by a signature of a dozen letters converted a comparatively impecunious and briefless barrister into the proprietor of an ancient estate. These thoughts and feelings moved me as I rode back to the castle, quite oblivious of my earlier resolution to be gone from Raymont and the scene of that disaster. It seemed now that I was definitely bound up with the fortunes of the place unless I accepted Greenstreet's offer "to negotiate a sale of the property for me. I had fallen into a reverie—nor am I ashamed to confess that it was a very pleasant reverie—when I reached the top of the hill upon which the castle stood. That hurried drive which Mr. Kesteven and I had undertaken three days previously had obviously been for the purpose of executing the will. I now asked myself the motive which had induced him so to favor a casual acquaintance, but I could find no answer save in the general eccentricity of his conduct. He had died without a relative, even without a friend, as it appeared, and to that fact the mere addition of a passing whim, generated possibly under a stress of unknown emotion, must suffice to explain his behavior. At that phrase of my own, "unknown emotion," I was pulled up sharply once more. What was there at the back of all these incongruous and incomprehensible incidents? In the current of these reflections I almost rode over the innkeeper Hood by the entrance of the park. He saluted me deferentially, stepping aside to let me pass and gliding noiselessly to open the iron gates. At the sight of him the lawyer's statement as to the contents of the will recurred to me, and I reined in, giving him good day.

"This has been a sad business, sir," he ventured in his even tones.

I nodded, replying with some commonplace.

"Especially, sir, for poor Mr. Kesteven, who was, in a manner of speaking, quite alone in the world."

"Yes," said I, though the remark was perhaps irrelevant. "So Mr. Greenstreet, his lawyer, tells me."

Hood's glance met mine, as though he would inquire of me; but feeling, no doubt, that this would be too great a liberty, his eyes reverted to the gate, which he still held open respectfully.

"Mr. Greenstreet tells me," I went on, "and I suppose I am free to repeat it, that your old master has left you a small legacy."

The man started visibly, and for a second his dark eyes shone on mine. He seemed almost as surprised as I had been, but he recovered his astonishment next minute and dropped his gaze.

"Thank you, sir. It is very kind of him—Mr. Kesteven, I mean. I served him three years, and a better master

Continued on seventh page.

Xmas Furniture



Selections that Will Please You.

Parlor Furniture, upholstered in Leather and Velour, Fancy Chairs for Hall and Parlor, Hall Furniture of all kinds, Rockers and Dining Chairs of all kinds, Music Cabinets in Mahogany, Ladies' Desk in Golden Oak, Weathered Oak and Mahogany, Ladies' Toilet Tables, Side Board, Buffets, Etc. Dining Tables, Combined Book Cases and Plain Book Cases, the largest and most complete assortment ever put on the market. Iron Bed full size $2.50 up, Solid oak suit $16.50 up, Chairs from $2.75 set up. Everything in the furniture line at 20 per cent. less than you can get it in Louisville. Pedestral and Tabrettes, Children's Chairs of all kinds, Five feet Rugs from $1.50 up and Parlor Mirrors from $5 up.

W. E. Leachman.

SANTA CLAUS AT Jos. A. Shader's

A new and handsome line of

TOYS

Dolls, Wagons, Trunks
A great variety of Novelties.

Candies, Cakes, Oranges, Figs, Bananas, Etc.

BE SURE TO COME IN EARLY.

$65.00

Diamond Broaches

$25

Per Pair For Candelbras

$20

Silver Tea Sets

These are just a few of our handsomest presents You'd just as well buy something nice while you are buying---something that will forever remain nice.

Silver Bake Dishes, $3 to $7. Silver Sugar Bowles and Cream Pitchers $5 up.

Russell's stock of Jewelry and Silverware is the talk of the town; it is gorgeously beautiful. Anything you want at any price you want it.

E. M. Russell

CHRISTMAS SECTION.

THE SPRINGFIELD SUN.

CHRISTMAS SECTION.

THE SPRINGFIELD SUN—CHRISTMAS SECTION—SPRINGFIELD, KY., DECEMBER 20, 1905.

May Your Christmas be Happy and your New Year be Prosperous!

The Christmas Fakir

By A. W. FERRIN

NO one welcomes the advent of the holiday season more heartily than the sidewalk merchant of the city, the street fakir, for, while he seems to flourish like a green bay tree all the year round, at Christmas time he reaps his great harvest of pennies, nickels and dimes. The hearts of even the most parsimonious open with the approach of Christmas, and purse strings loosen as at no other time. On every corner and between corners these curbstone nomads are surrounded by admiring and purchasing citizens, and "novelties," from rubber pigs which can be inflated to the size of a small balloon and in exhausting their airy contents squeal like a real porker, to elaborate mechanical toys, sell like hot cakes.

Every year distinct features of this queer trade come to the surface and are put on the market simultaneously by fakirs throughout the country. The factories in which these things are made work overtime to meet the demand of the shrill voiced "barkers" who personify Santa Claus to the children of the city. New York is the great headquarters of the fakirs, and they visit it at least once a year to arrange for the novelties of the ensuing season and to do a little business in the metropolis itself. There are several large jobbers in the city who deal exclusively with the sidewalk peddlers, and they issue voluminous catalogues describing thousands of articles suitable for sale on the street. Every fakir carries one of these books, and when he runs out of stock he sends an order to his firm, which is filled by return express.

On most of the things he handles the fakir makes a profit of 100 per cent and sometimes more than that. Articles sold for a dime are usually bought for a nickel, and those which sell for a nickel for 2½ cents. Occasionally, however, when some novelty makes a real hit the manufacturers put up the price until the fakir's profit is only a cent on each sale.

The old time favorite, the jumping jack, evolved into a sailor who climbs a rope hand over hand; dirigible tin mice, kissing bugs, lobsters and crabs, papier mache frogs which jump like the hero of Mark Twain's famous story, all find a ready market, while cheap perfumery, Christmas cards and lead soldiers are peddled in vast quantities.

Just where the fakir gets his title is a mooted question. The real fakir, whose habitat is India, is a person of religious consequence and has nothing to do with "fakes" unless it be that he performs wonderful tricks which owe their success to sleight of hand rather than to the influence of the gods by whom the fakir is professedly actuated. However, fakir is as good a name for the itinerant vender as any other, and



THE FAKIR AT WORK.

its etymology doesn't matter much. Some of the fakirs make enough by their petty trade to graduate into manufacturers of Christmas novelties or even into a higher line of business, and it is well known that one of the wealthiest men of New Orleans, who owns sugar plantations, stores and factories, once peddled shoestrings.

Carrying his capital in his pack, the wandering salesman is independent to a degree rarely equaled except by the idle rich and Weary Willie. In the olden days, before the invention of the newspaper and the telegraph, medieval merchants, traveling from palace to palace and from town to town, shared with the troubadours the profession of disseminating the news.

Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men

By J. A. EDGERTON

Copyright, 1905, by J. A. Edgerton

NINETEEN hundred years ago
Came a message sweet and low;
O'er an infant's humble birth
fell a new strain to the earth.
Angels sang the chorus then,
"Peace on earth good will to men."



THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

SINCE that time
War has been in every clime,
Earth has been submerged in blood
Of a common brotherhood;
Yet amid the battle cries
Oft that sweet song would arise.

BACK and forth the standards reeled
On the grim and tented field,
While afar that hallowed air
Rose to heaven like a prayer,
Where the few were chanting still,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

IN this later, brighter day
Are we nearer peace than they?
Still our soil with blood is wet.
War is round about us yet.
Will the carnage ever cease?
Still we hear the song of peace.

IT will come. 'Tis not a dream.
Through the darkness shines a gleam.
'Tis a glimpse, a prophecy
Of the years that are to be,
Of a new time come to birth,
Of the dawn of "Peace on earth."



"PEACE ON EARTH."

STRANDS of steel and cable bind
Closer all of humankind,
And the workers of the world
Have a common flag unfurled.
Thought and traffic banish strife;
Love becomes the law of life.

NINETEEN hundred years ago
Came a message sweet and low;
And that song by angels sung
Through the centuries has rung.
Hark! It rises once again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Some Christmas History.

In 1805 the terms of peace between France and Austria were argued and agreed to on Christmas. In these Austria was forced to make several large gifts of territory to France, and Italy to acknowledge Napoleon as king of Italy.

The United States forces began their withdrawal from Charleston, S. C., to Fort Sumter on Christmas, 1860.

Under duress from the powers, Turkey, on Christmas, 1876, gave out a new constitution for the whole Ottoman empire, which granted Christians equal rights with Mohammedans—a decree, by the way, which the sultan began cheerfully to disobey as soon as the duress was removed.

David's Well.

Within two miles of Bethlehem is a well which is said to have been the one from which the mighty men of battle in Israel, after breaking through the Philistine host, brought water to David, in response to his exclamation, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water from the well which is by the gate!" David refused to taste the water for which his brave men had risked their lives and poured it out as an offering to God. Some picturesque ruins are said to be those of the home of David's youth.

Honeyboy and Honeybun

A Christmas Story

By Olive Harper

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CLINTON, honeyboy, isn't it charming and awfully, delightfully wicked to go off on this spree all by ourselves?"

"Absurdly so," replied the still infatuated young husband, squeezing the plump arm tucked so confidingly under his.

"And Aunt Mary thinks we are in Connecticut, while Uncle James believes us to be in Canada and our mothers and fathers are sure we are in Florida. It is just too lovely for anything, isn't it?"

"And so we escape the deadly bother of a Christmas tree and the interminable dinner party and all the sticky children. And we will have our Christmas eve dinner all by our lonesome in the swellest place in town. And here we are, honeybun."

The happy couple stepped into the vestibule, shaking the flakes from their coats and stamping the snow from their feet. The light lingered lovingly on the pretty young face with its blue



HE JUMPED TO THE CONCLUSION THAT SHE HAD RELENTED

eyes and rosy cheeks and the snowy teeth showing between the smiling lips. And the same arc light looked on the handsome, clear cut features of the tall man with his fond and protecting air. "A fine couple," it spluttered. "A fine couple. Ah, I've seen many such, but they all end the same way."

With this pessimistic remark the light blinked wickedly. The door closed on the young couple as they walked slowly along the thick carpet waiting for that lordly personage, the head waiter, to assign them to a place. This astute personage instantly sized them up as a recently wedded couple and beckoned them to an ideal spot, a cozy little table in a corner, half surrounded by palms. There they were shut in from prying eyes and shut out of the hurry and noise of the rest of the world. As a work of supererogation the head waiter brought a bowl of white roses and with an unctuous smile, directed at no one in particular, set them in the center of the table, and this called up a pretty blush on the fair one's cheeks.

Clinton took the elaborate menu and with a hopeless glance at its foreign names handed it to his bride, saying in the blind hope that she understood it. "You order the dinner, honeybun."

Miriam glanced in the mirror and gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh, I am perfectly disreputable! Just look at my hair!"

She remembered the time when she tried to translate the menu to some friends in a restaurant, giving poisson aux eaux vives as "poison to the lively waters." She was not going to allow Clinton to gloat over her—above all, at this early stage of their married life. So she returned the menu to him with great apparent self abnegation.

"No; you order, honeyboy."

"I *asked you* to do it, honeybun!"

"Oh, well, I can't do it. I never had to order a dinner in my life. Father or some one always did." This last was said with just the least little bit of spirit. Besides, she was hungry; so was he. That fact may pardon his next words, spoken with what he thought a noble and masterful air:

"It is time you learned then. Now, honeybun, I don't want you to look at me in that grieved and frightened way. I am in the right. It is your duty—yes, duty—to learn to make out the dinner cards. You are not a child."

"Sir, I never had to do such a thing, and I won't; so now! I think you are just going to turn out horrid, after all!"

"Now, honey"—

"Don't honey me! Please call me by my proper name. I am not a child. You just said so."

"Hon—dearest, don't do that!"

She was showing symptoms of tears, though she bravely tried to hide her feelings. She *felt* the eyes of the very respectable head waiter upon her. His portly back was turned, but she sensed the disapprobation in his attitude. The lights swam, and the hum of conversation was like the strange noises in deep forests at night. She winked furiously, angry with herself. She finally overcame her temptation to dissolve in tears, only to find that her honeyboy was sitting partly turned away in an attitude of deep dejection as well as set determination.

People came in from the snowy streets laden with parcels and carrying bunches of holly and mistletoe, and every one beamed with joy and pleasant anticipations. Time passed, and the obstinate young couple grew hungrier and angrier, for now each began to nurse the situation as a real grievance. But, though the waiter hovered around with unmistakable anxiety, no one called him to give the order. The situation was growing tense. Honeybun was seriously thinking of getting up and going straight home to her mother, and honeyboy was wondering why men were fools enough to marry.

The old head waiter was sufficiently interested to watch them meditatively by means of mirrors, all unsuspected. Something in the air, or maybe it was the Christmas spirit, crept under his vest, and he felt a tugging at his heart. The bride was so pretty and the man so handsome he could not bear to see this discord, especially tonight. Suddenly he said to himself:

"Blessed, if I don't do it too."

He called the waiter and gave him a quiet order and then took from his pocket a small package of cards, each having either a bit of mistletoe or holly in colors in one corner. On these he printed in very neat characters:

"POTAGE—CHRISTMAS EVE. VERY PEPPERY."

The waiter came to him with the tray, on which were two plates of soup and all the concomitants belonging thereto and the proper wine. The waiter entered the tiny place and deposited the things with a grave businesslike air, putting a card at each place, and then discreetly retired. Clinton scarcely noticed the arrival of the man, but honeybun saw him. The soup looked good, and the little card caught her eye. She was the one woman in this generation with a keen sense of humor. She began to eat.

Clinton ate quickly and absurdly and looked at the table. He jumped to the conclusion that she had relented and had been adroit enough to give the order unperceived, but, though he would condescend to eat, and the soup smelled very good, he would not let her enjoy her triumph too soon, so he took his soup in dignified silence. The next course was ready as soon as he was. On one large platter filled with chopped ice were placed sixteen small clams arranged to spell the words:

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

One small clam officiated as a period. This arrangement was too obvious, especially as the waiter set the dish so the words should read. The little clams went where all good clams should go, and two hearts began to soften insensibly. Two squabs, nestling side by side on toast, were accompanied by two cards bearing the legend:

"PEACE ON EARTH."

The salad was delicious, the entrees a dream, and with each course came two cards with some sentiment calculated to remind the recipients of the day. Honeyboy pushed his cards ingloriously away, but honeybun gathered hers in a neat heap. The last course was ice cream—very pink—and molded into the shape of a large heart with a white ribbon tied in a true lover's knot around it, but the heart was broken through the middle and pressed apart deftly. A single card read:

"CHRISTMAS NIGHT.
PEACE AND GOOD WILL.
GET TOGETHER."

Even Clinton now saw, but he thought this was all the clever work of honeybun. He looked at her. She was all rosy and sweet, no longer pale and hungry. Maybe, too, the good dinner had something to do with it, but he beamed love on honeybun, and reaching over took her little left hand and kissed the wedding ring. Neither ever knew that the fat head waiter nearly danced in his retreat as he saw the broken heart drawn together and eaten from the same dish by both. He whished as he whispered, "I have reunited them, but this house has lost two customers."

The Spirit of Christmastide

By ARTHUR I. BURDICK

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WELL, Christmas is here
With its chill an' cheer,
An' I am happy an' broke!
My surplus has flown
Co the "Great Unknown;"
I've not the price of a smoke.
But look at the smile on my Johnny's face,
An' listen to Molly's laugh!
An' I ain't regrettin' the cash
I've spent
In my little ones' behalf.



"HAPPY AN' BROKE!"

YES, Christmas is here,
An' it's mighty clear
That I am cleaned out o' pelf;
But should I make moan
O'er cash as has flown
I would be ashamed of myself!
For Nancy is wearin' a happy smile—
With the dress I bought for her—
That's worth about twenty-five times the price
I am ready to aver.

AH, Christmas is here,
An' it's worth a year
O' navin', — an' slavin' too,
For to get the feel
O' the Christmas zeal
A courein' yer ol' heart through.
An' a glimpse o' the happiness I view,
As I've assisted to bring,
Is a recompense for all I have spent,
An' a lot to boot, I fing!



GIFTS FOR A SOUL FORLORN.

YES, Christmas is here
With its chill an' cheer,
An' I know one soul forlorn
He will dine today
In a different way
Than she figgered on this morn.
If I had not sent that basket down
Co that widder, I would choke
A-eatin' my dinner, but now, ye see,
I'm happy, if I am broke!

The Christmas Triumph

By GEORGE LAY LAW

AFTER a little over 1,900 years from the birth of its founder Christmas has become the most generally observed religious holiday on earth. There is scarcely a land beneath the sun that does not witness some celebration of the day set apart to commemorate the birth of the Carpenter of Nazareth. While in many Asiatic countries few participate in these celebrations, there are yet enough so that all peoples are learning the significance of the ceremony. Then, too, the number of actual participants is increasing year by year, so that it takes no very great stretch of the imagination to picture a time when Christmas observances will be practically universal.

The charge of the Master to carry his gospel to all the world has been religiously obeyed, and the prophecy of the thousand years of peace which were to follow close on that consummation should be on its way. Of the six continents Christianity entirely dominates four and is rapidly winning its way in the other two. Both North and South America are Christian in every part. The same is true of Australia and the surrounding islands constituting Australasia. All Europe follows the same faith, with the single exception of the southeastern corner belonging to Turkey, and even a considerable part of the Turkish empire, including Armenia, Bulgaria and others of the Balkan states, embraces Christianity, while Christian missions exist in Turkey.

In Africa, where the British govern Egypt and all South Africa, while France has virtual control of Morocco and other European powers have colonies throughout the continent, the faith of the Nazarene has a larger following than any other religion.

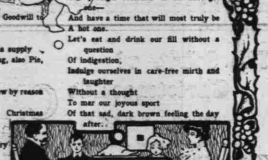
Asia, teeming with its vast Chinese and Hindoo hordes, is practically the only continent in which Christianity is not the dominant faith, and even there it has incalculable political and strategic advantages that are rapidly working a transformation. Siberia, occupying nearly half of the entire continent, is ruled by a Christian power. India, on the south, is under the control of England, and the missionaries are gradually winning their way. Tibet, the stronghold of Buddhism, is under Russian influence and is being invaded by England from India. Palestine, Syria and Persia contain important Christian missions, though in nations they are still under Moslem control. The Boxer uprising was practically the last gasp of the virulent opposition to the advance of Christianity in China. The lesson received from Europe at that time, the important concessions granted in the chief ports to the great Christian powers, the invasion of Manchuria, the introduction of the railroad and the ever increasing numbers of missionaries, all of these things are gradually working a change in the Chinese empire. Mission work is rapidly increasing in Korea. Japan has borrowed most of her civilization from Christian nations and is seriously discussing the proposition of adopting their religion also. The Philippines belong to America, and a considerable portion has been Christianized.

Christmas morn in the year of our Lord 1906 will therefore have a meaning to more nations and more people than any previous Christmas morn in the history of mankind. The fact that this day will be celebrated by such widely variant types and in such widely separated nations gives a powerful suggestion of unity in the human race.



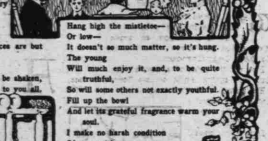
HOFMAN'S HEAD OF CHRIST.

GLAD CHRISTMAS TIME



Dear me!
Here's Christmas once again!
The Christmas Tree,
The Merry Bells, The Holly,
The Peace on Earth and the Goodwill to Men,
The Jolly
Good Fellowship, the generous supply
Of Christmas Turkey, Pudding, also Pie,
The Family Reunion
And sweet communion
Of heart to heart, expanded now by reason
Of the glad season,
The cards, depicting frosty Christmas scenes,
The magazines
Filled with the same old hearty
Christmas story.
All these are with us now
So I allow
It's Christmas, and the chances are but small
That I'm mistaken.
My confidence in this cannot be shaken,
So here's a Merry Christmas to you all.

The 25th comes only once a year.
Let's welcome home with glee
Our prodigal returned—if we have got
And have a time that will most truly be
A hot one.
Let's eat and drink our fill without a question
Of indigestion,
Indulge ourselves in care-free mirth and laughter
Without a thought
To mar our joyous sport
Of that sad, dark brown feeling the day after.

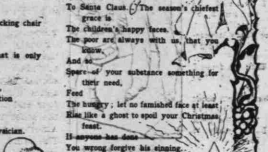


Hang high the mistletoe—
Or low—
It doesn't so much matter, so it's hung.
The young
Will much enjoy it, and, to be quite truthful,
So will some others not exactly youthful.
Fill up the bowl
And let its grateful fragrance warm your soul.
I make no harsh condition
Of composition—
Say lemonade, or even oyster soup,
But whoop
'Er up
Or be it glass or bowl or can or cup.



May
This Christmas day
Have all your fancy has anticipated.
I hope
Tomorrow you will have no cause to mope
And wish to Moses you'd not celebrated.
I trust
Your wife has had assistance in selecting
Those annual cigars.
It sort of jars
A woman, when, effusive thanks expecting,
She finds her gift at
Christmas unkindly sniffed at.
Also I hope that she
Will be
Enraptured with her lovely rocking chair
And get a chance to sit
Sometimes in it.
She ought to—sometimes—that is only fair.
I hope your boys
And girls will like their toys,
And that their health's condition
Will see
Shortly necessitate a lot
Of visits from the family physician.

And don't forget
Your debt
To Santa Claus. The season's chiefest grace is
The children's happy faces.
The poor are always with us, that you know,
And so
Spare of your substance something for their need.
Feed
The hungry; let no famished face at least
Rise like a ghost to spoil your Christmas feast.
If anyone has done
You wrong forgive his sinning.
That's not a bad beginning.
Don't let
The Christmas spirit get
Evaporated when the day is past.
But make it last.
Why should it disappear?
Keep it with you, radiant, glowing, sweet, kind, compassionate and altogether wholesome in this and every coming year.



But why
Should such contingencies be even hinted?
Let's rather try
A realize our visions may thrive
And make good cheer.
Remember
That December

KENNETT HARRIS.

Carving the Christmas Turkey

To carve the Christmas turkey skillfully and successfully requires a knowledge more than that acquired by general observation. To the amateur carver as he watches the practiced hand it seems the simplest thing in the world, but when he attempts to duplicate the feat he soon discovers that a careful study of the bird's anatomy is necessary.

At the Christmas dinner the turkey is of first importance and the proper handling of the fowl means much toward the success of the viand.

The host usually manipulates the carving knife and fork. There seems to be a tradition that on this day the bird in all its brown and savory splendor should be placed intact upon the table. A thin, sharp-bladed knife and a platter of sufficient size to hold the fowl and its disjointed portions are necessary to enable the carver to work with neatness and dexterity.



Plunge the fork upright into the center of the breastbone. The drumstick is removed by a single stroke of the knife, hitting the joint exactly.

Whether it is good form to sit or stand while accomplishing the work depends entirely upon the comfort of the performer. There is also a question as to whether the head of the turkey should be to the carver's right or left. This is also for the individual to decide, but generally the head is to the left, as the wings and legs are more easily disjointed with a stroke from left to right. If the company be small and the bird one of good size, carve from one side only. The other side may be reserved for slicing cold.

The first move of the carver is to insert the fork astride the breastbone, at the point, plunging it deep enough to secure a firm hold. Then remove the drumstick with one stroke of the knife, first cutting through the skin down to the joint, hitting it squarely. It is a little difficult to locate this joint, but by pressing the leg away from the side of the turkey it is readily found.

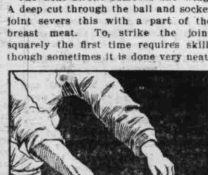


A V-shaped cut toward the joint separates the thigh and drumstick.

It is claimed that the expert carver does not remove the fork from the breast until he has quite finished. Be that as it may, it is quite necessary to use the fork in separating the thigh from the "drumstick," and the "hip" is a favorite part with many.

To accomplish this, make a V-shaped cut toward the joint, holding the thigh against the side of the turkey with the fork. The "drumstick" drops off neatly into the platter.

The next stroke removes the wing. A deep cut through the ball and socket joint severs this with a part of the breast meat. To strike the joint squarely the first time requires skill, though sometimes it is done very neatly by pure luck, and this calls forth most favorable comment from the expectant hungry assemblage. If the knife doesn't strike the joint at first, move it back and forth, pressing the wing away from the body, disclosing the ball of the joint, then cut through and the wing is detached.



A neat stroke through the ball and socket joint severs the wing.

When this process is completed the disjointed portions are laid to one side of the platter, or put on a separate plate, to allow of free space for slicing the breast meat.

The Christmas Fairies

Who is it hammers the big church bell
On Christmas Eve, till melodies well
And bubble and float, in liquid note,
Down over the town from its deep-toned throat?
The Christmas fairies hammer the bell.

Who is it fashions the robe of snow,
With diamonds woven, and starlight-glow,
So wondrous white it mocks the night,
On Nature's shoulders glistening bright?
The Christmas fairies fashion the snow.

And just at twelve when the moonbeams fall
Have flecked the floor of the great front hall,
What merry train make sweetmeats rain;
Who paint little frost-thoughts on the pane?
The Christmas fairies arrange it all.

They trim the tree with a lavish hand,
Then trip upstairs in a shimmering band
And shower on Ted, all tucked in bed,
A dower of dreams for his happy head—
Then scamper away to Nowhere Land.

MAURICE DUNLAP.

An Old Maid's Christmas

By BERTHA E. BUSH

"Aunt Annabel," said Juanita, with a merry jingling of skates accompanying her speech, "won't you please tie up my Christmas packages for me? You know where they go."

Aunt Annabel assented with a little sigh, for her hands were already full of Christmas errands for the family.

Juanita did not notice the sigh. Her laughing eyes were filled with the vision of the boy whom she knew to be waiting just around the corner, ready to carry those skates and buckle up the straps. But her girl companion, less absorbed, did notice it.

"I don't believe you ought to have asked her to do that, Nita. Everybody is so busy at Christmas."

"Oh, Aunt Annabel is always busy. But she isn't any busier at Christmas than at any other time. What does an old maid's Christmas amount to?"

Aunt Annabel heard the careless words and the little wrinkles on her forehead deepened with pain. "An old maid's Christmas." The red mounted slowly to her thin cheeks. It was not the quick blushing of girlhood which is deemed so beautiful, but a burning, painful flushing that seemed to leave her wan face more hollow and whiter than before.

"An old maid's Christmas!" How hateful it was to be an old maid! She had never dreamed of it when she was as young as Juanita. When she was as young as Juanita—oh, much younger—John Warren had said: "Annabel is my little wife, and we are going to be married next Christmas." How far away the next Christmas had seemed then—farther than the next century now!



"AUNT ANNABEL," SAID JUANITA.

The years slipped before her eyes like a dream. There had been other lovers, but none so dear as this little John of her childish years. How devoted they had been to each other, and how constant through all their boy and girl ups and downs! The elders had smiled at their frank affection and half believed that what John said would come to pass at some future Christmas. She and John had wholly believed it. She remembered how they played together, how he—drew her on his sled, how he always chose her first at spelling matches, although she was not a good speller, and John was one of the best. She remembered their quarrels. Ah! The last time she had ever seen him they had quarreled.

It was about a pair of stubby red mittens that she had knit with skillful girlish fingers. She had meant them for his Christmas present, but he had found it out beforehand, and, boy-fashion, had teased her about them.

"I'll never give them to you now," she had declared, angrily. And then her John, little true lover as he was, had melted.

"Oh, please give them to me," he had begged. "You know I would give you everything I have, Annabel. If you love me, you will give them to me."

But it was sweet to hear him plead, and the little maiden was desirous of prolonging the pleasure.

"If ever I love you again, I will give them to you," was all she would say. Just then a neighbor's boy had hurried up breathless with importance.

"John, John. Your mother has sent for you to go home right away. She's got a telegram from your grandfather. He's dead."

It was the last time she had ever seen John Warren. While an hour he was speeding on the train to the home that death had entered so suddenly. Then there had been sickness and unexpected removal in her own family. If John had written to her, she had never received the letter. Her own childish, misdirected epistle to him had come back to her months afterward from the dead letter office. John had passed completely out of her life. But put away among her most precious treasures were the little red mittens waiting to be given to him.

What had an old maid to do with such memories? How Juanita would laugh if she knew her foolishness. She would get out the mittens this very Christmas and send them to her brother Bob's boy—Bob's boy who was always losing mittens.

It was a hard day. Juanita's heedless words seemed to tinge everything with bitterness. They sounded in her imagination again as she sat wrapping up the Christmas presents. A foolish mist was in her eyes as she did the stubby mittens up into a neat parcel, wrapped them in white tissue paper and tied them with red ribbon. Just then she was called away. The presents lay out on her table as carefully arranged as the specimens in a scientific cabinet, hers on one side and Juanita's on the other. So they would have remained had careless little Susette kept out of the room. But Susette wanted baby ribbon for her own small concerns, and nobody but Aunt Annabel kept it on hand. In helping herself to it, she knocked two small packages from the table. They were both about the same size, soft and tied up with red ribbon, and the envelopes to hold each had laid, already directed, beside. Susette, hastily picking them up and trying to put them back, exchanged the packages. The stubby red mittens in their dainty wrappings laid beside the envelope addressed "Mr. Walter Taylor," to whom Juanita had meant to send an embroidered handkerchief.

"Who is Mr. Walter Taylor?" Aunt Annabel had asked, and Juanita had replied, lightly:

"Oh, he's Jack's uncle." (Jack was the boy who carried the skates for her.) "He's a lonely old gentleman and I thought it would please him to have me send him something. He's a widower, and he has lots of money, and Jack is his only nephew." And worldly wise little Juanita smiled meaningly at the unworldly little aunt who would never, at her age or at any age, have thought of future prospects in this way.

And so, by Susette's mistake, Mr. Walter Taylor received the stubby red mittens instead of the handkerchief that was designed for him. It was a lonely man who opened the little red-ribboned package, though no one but a girl like Juanita would have thought of calling him an old gentleman. When he unwrapped the package and read the card that said in the small, dainty, old-fashioned "lady's hand": "With a great deal of love for Christmas from Annabel Wilder," his face suddenly changed into the face of a boy. He whistled. Then he laughed. Then he scrutinized the postmark, snatched his hat and was off like a shot to find a directory. But Miss Annabel's name was not in the directory, as she lived with her sister and sister's husband. It was Christmas evening before he traced her.

It had been a lonely day for Annabel. Juanita's words had taken all the pleasure out of it. Sister Agnes and Brother Charles and their children were as kind as could be, but they belonged so thoroughly to each other and were so absorbed in each other that she could not help a very sore left-out feeling. She went to her room early with a headache, and some tears had bedewed the pillow before Juanita tapped at the door to say, in an astonished voice:

"There's a caller in the parlor for you, Aunt Annabel. It's Jack uncle, and he never said a word about the Christmas handkerchief I embroidered for him. He didn't seem to notice me at all. I doubt if he knew me. But he wants to see you dreadfully."

"Jack's uncle?" Annabel felt bewildered enough, but she rose and made ready with a sigh, feeling quite sure that Juanita was mistaken and that it was only a book agent making a most untimely visit. Who else ever called upon her?

The caller stood by the parlor door as if he could hardly wait for her coming, and, curiously enough, he held in his hands—of all the ridiculous things—a stubby pair of red mittens. But it was not a strange face that bent over them. It was the face, grown older and altered, but certainly the face, of the boy for whom the little mittens had been knit, John Warren.

The room whirled strangely to Annabel, but it was surely John who caught her. It was John's voice that was explaining that he was indeed John, that his name had been changed to suit the provisions of the will of the maternal grandfather who made him his heir, with the condition that he would take his name.

Somehow in the surprise and the bewilderment and the comfort of having John again, John to whom she had told every thought, the pitiful little story of the spoiled Christmas day came out. Then she raised her head in sudden mortification, and held it to the light till every wrinkle and worried pucker from the broad forehead to the tremulous mouth revealed themselves in pitiless plainness. "Oh, what have I said? What must you think of me?" she cried. But the man who had been John Warren drew the little head down again, and, quite unmindful of Juanita, who was certainly peeping through the crack in the door, kissed the trembling lips and the white cheek that grew suddenly as rosy as Juanita's own.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you shall never spend another old maid's Christmas."



"SWEETHEART," HE SAID.

The Spirit of Christmas

By DR. WORTH M. TIPPY

Of all the year's festival days, Christmas is peculiarly the festival of love. Easter commemorates the resurrection of Jesus. It is our festival of life, divine and immortal; for the power that raised Christ from the dead has passed into the lives of the millions. It comes with peculiar appropriateness at the season of the year when nature is awakening to spring and everywhere are warm winds, sunshine, growth and beauty.

Thanksgiving is our festival of Divine Providence, celebrating the loving care of God over all that He has made. It comes at the time when, in agricultural communities, the earth's fruitage has been garnered and the year's work draws to a close. It is a good time in all pursuits to close the books with God, and to bring to Him the only possible return for His beneficence, the gratitude and appreciation of our hearts.

But Christmas is the climax of the Christian year. It is our festival of love, and as such is it not beautifully fitting that the day should be celebrated by the bestowment of gifts? It is as natural for love to give as for birds to sing and for flowers to grow.

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving. This spirit takes hold upon all classes of people, carrying into every soul the sweetness and purity of love's ministry. It lavishes gifts in homes of wealth and it finds a way in the direst poverty.

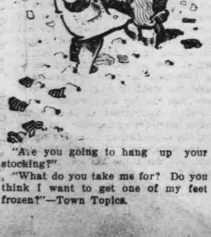
Christmas was the day when God gave His richest gift to men—Jesus the Christ—and that marvelous gift of the ages has proved the inspiration of the day and given birth to the spirit of giving among men. And for this reason let us give remembrances to just as many people as we can afford to give, to those of our own homes, to our friends and to the poor. It doesn't need to be much, so that it is a token of friendship. Remember particularly the lives that are cast in hard places. Lift a mortgage, pay a debt, send a check to the brave woman who is fighting for her children. Bring the young man or young woman who is away from home to your own fireside. Send a Christmas dinner where you are sure there would be a scanty one if you did not send it.

The spirit of Christmas is love expressing itself in service. The love of God found its expression in the gift of a Saviour to the world. The love of Christ found its expression in the gift of a life of pure and unselfish service to mankind. He gave Himself to the closest association with men so that every man might take heart in the struggle and have a reasonable hope of being able to live likewise.

This gift of service is the best gift which can be given to the world. And this gift is within the reach of everybody. There is no excuse for those who do not make it. None are too busy to be friendly and none too great to stoop to little kindnesses. I often thought there were natures that could not be cordial, but I know now that it was a mistake. The most inexorable duty men ever have is to love and to render services of love. It was one of the last teachings of Jesus that we will be judged at last by our attitude in practical service to the sick, the oppressed, the stranger and to those who lack the plainest necessities of food and clothing.

But this spirit of Christmas which is to find its expression in the gift of loving service is not the spirit of mere benevolence. Kindness that is not inspired by comradeship is not beautiful at all. It may be pity from a proud heart, but that is not friendship, and it is not the deep brotherly love of Christianity. Men needs friends more than they need alms. We all need each other's friendships. We are inseparably bound together as men of one race and men of all races. The powerful need the sympathy and recognition of the humble, the rich of the poor, and the cultured of the unrefined, and for this reason the life which finds its expression in unaffected and universal friendship is the life which has most nearly caught the spirit of Christ and of Christmas. Let us give gifts, and among them that larger gift of loving service. Thus will the spirit of Christmas be shed abroad and make the world brighter and better.

CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.



"Are you going to hang up your stocking?"

"What do you take me for? Do you think I want to get one of my feet frozen?"—Town Topics.

Gifts from the Tree

If Money Brought Happiness.

If money only brought happiness, there would be little Christmas cheer in a majority of homes.

In the Dark.

"Well, have you bought your wife's Christmas present yet?"

"I dunno. She has all our Christmas stuff locked up in one of the closets, where I can't get at it."

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.



Grandpa—Now, Tommy, you must take good care of all these nice toys; don't beat your drum so hard.

Tommy—Gran'pa, don't you be so bossy; Santa Claus don't care, how soon we break our things all up—he's got lots.

His Little List.

"Have you made up your list for Christmas?" asked the fond father.

"Yep," replied the young hopeful, as he produced a toy manufacturer's catalogue. "There it is."

Fond of Writing.

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickelby. "He spends two hours a day at it."

"Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"

"Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he's still at it."

GRIMKEE AND THE ARK OF NOAH

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY NINA PICTON

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LITTLE JINNIE stood before Old Grimkee's window. The dark plates and bronzes, the somber stuffs and hangings, had disappeared. Grimkee's window was in holiday attire, and Little Jinnie wondered why. Some one had spoken of a day far distant, a day of mirth and gladness, of good will and peace, that the joy bells would ring, the music in the churches would sound and that every one would smile and greet one another as if great times had come.

Little Jinnie bent forward and leaned her elbows upon the narrow ledge that jutted out from the window. What a feast she saw! A tall soldier, all red and gold, stood in one corner, his musket at "shoulder arms," determination in his eye and in his rigid attitude. Little Jinnie started to say "Good morning," but she didn't quite like his manner.



AN OLD MAN CAME OUT OF THE SHOP.

Below him, seated on a dairy stool, was a milkmaid with a churn, and the wonderful dasher kept going up and down at regular intervals, and the milkmaid's head kept bobbing and bobbing till the white linen bows on her cap flapped like windmills.

A shepherd boy stood next to the milkmaid, and in his mouth was a long pipe or musical instrument. From time to time a loud note rang out. What queer toys! Little Jinnie almost believed that they were not toys, for the faces looked so real, and they moved and bobbed like real live people. But Grimkee always had queer things in his window, different from any other shopkeeper in Broad street.

There stood a clock with a cuckoo that flew in and out and chirruped its note at certain intervals. And the wax doll in the corner, with a queen's crown on her head and a crimson velvet robe! That was the most real doll Little Jinnie had ever seen.

While she stood there, her small, thin hands and arms on the ledge, her wistful eyes peering within, an old man came out from the side of the shop and thrust his head into the window. It was Old Grimkee, and he wore a fustian jacket, very snug and tight, and a queer little skullcap on his head. He looked about as if in quest of something, and his round little eyes squinted here and there as if everything was a long way off.

Little Jinnie did not move, and if Old Grimkee saw her he was kind enough not to object, for he never once looked toward her, but kept squinting and moving until he saw a long, narrow house, painted green, with a small peak, which stood in the center of his window.

"Ah!" he cried, and from outside Jinnie heard his grunt of satisfaction. He moved toward the green house. In his hand he held a key, and, after fumbling and feeling about the side of the structure, he turned it about. Then he waited for something, Jinnie didn't know what, but she stared, fascinated by the old man's movements and waiting, just as much as he waited, for the revelation that she felt sure was to come.

The door of the house opened. A pair of elephants walked out, then a couple of bears and two spirited looking horses. After that trooped all the animals that Little Jinnie had ever seen in her picture book, the old, thumb eared one that the mission teacher had given her. Round and round they walked, and larger and larger grew Little Jinnie's eyes.

Old Grimkee looked up. He was proud of his window, for he had taken great pains to make it attractive. Not another man in Broad street knew the children's tastes so well. All about the shelves of his little shop stood Santa Clauses, railroad cars, tin soldiers and small guns and dolls that the little ones liked. Old Grimkee had been in the business for years, and he expected great profits this Christmas time.

Suddenly he spied Little Jinnie. He did not know whether she was admiring him or his window, for her eyes kept shifting from the long green toys to him, back again, and so on. A genial smile overspread the face of Old Grimkee. The little child outside was certainly carried away with what she saw. Old Grimkee looked closer. How thin and pale she was, and quite a little tot to be alone!



"THAT'S THE THING I'VE DREAMED 'BOUT."

The old man kept smiling and smiling, as if he knew her, and Little Jinnie advanced toward the door. Old Grimkee had left his window and stood behind the counter.

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" he asked, bending over the counter toward the wee figure that looked appealingly upward.

"If you would tell"— She paused.

"Yes," said Old Grimkee.

"What that thing is—that house in your window. Are the animals *alive*?"

"That—that *green* house?" asked Old Grimkee, leaning forward to take a peep at the window.

"Yes, sir," answered Little Jinnie.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me that you never saw a Noah's ark, child?"

Little Jinnie looked as ignorant as an infant.

"No! Why, then, you've never heard the story of the flood and Noah and the ark resting on Ararat? Dear me, dear me!" Old Grimkee actually looked worried over the turn of affairs. He thought everybody knew that.

Just then some customers came in, and Old Grimkee put on a businesslike air.

The child stole noiselessly out. Old Grimkee did not hear her, for the ladies were asking him for humming tops, and he was not quite sure whether he had them. He turned several things over as he looked and opened the wrong boxes and packages. Old Grimkee's eyes were falling him a bit. And as he looked a pair of wistful eyes, blue and heavily lashed, haunted him. While looking he was wondering where he had seen them.

"Bless me!" he cried suddenly. "That child's!"

The customers looked queerly at him, but he had found their toys, and as they examined them and approved them they did not pause to mark the puzzled glances of the shopkeeper.

* * * * * * *

Little Jinnie was unhappy. In her small, meager home she felt the need of something. If she had been older she might have known.

"Land o' love," the mother cried, "the child's a-worrin' over sumthin'! She's fret thin and pale as fer be er shadder." The poor woman paused in her daily task of sewing and looked uneasily at the small thin one that played beside her.

Every morning the child had strayed out on the next block. The mother had watched her and felt no uneasiness. Whenever she looked in that direction she saw Little Jinnie standing against a window, looking in with all her eyes.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the mother. "What's it now?"

And Old Grimkee had seen and heard, for Little Jinnie came in every day for a moment, sometimes times, when nobody was buying. Old Grimkee took her on his knee and told her the wonderful story of the flood. And questions had been asked and the Christmas time commented on, and Little Jinnie's eyes grew shudderstruck.

"Where do you live?" he asked. Old Grimkee had no children of his own. His son had died a year before.

"Down there, near the alley, in the funny little house with red windows." It was nearing the times. For three or four days a fine snow had fallen, and the eaves hung from the window ledge in Old Grimkee's window. Many of the toys had disappeared, but the Noah's ark was still there. Somehow people thought it "too expensive," yet Old Grimkee felt that it was not. He staked a great deal on that ark, and the animals were not common animals; they were made of the finest wood.

All the children had seen it. Day by day they passed before his window, and the wonderful toy was wound up, and the eyes outside grew larger and larger. But none of the eyes haunted Old Grimkee as much as little Jinnie's.

"Bless me!" he suddenly thought. "I've not seen her for two days. That's queer. I'll look her up."

In a dim little room, upon a couch whereon the faded coverlet was high drawn, lay Little Jinnie. The big eyes were the first thing Old Grimkee saw. They were more wistful than ever. Two little hands were stretched out in pleading.

"I'm orful glad to see yer," said she. "I've missed yer an' the ark too!" Her voice was quite thin as she said this.

"Is that so?" Old Grimkee asked, a suspicion of tears in his eyes.

"Course it's so! I've dreamed 'bout it at night till I thought it was right by me. An' I've seen the winder. Oh, it's a beau-ti-ful winder, Mr. Grimkee!" She always ran her voice up on the last syllable with a very delighted accent.

"Glad you like it," Old Grimkee said. "I'm proud of the winder too. I've taken lots of pains with it. I'm sure—thought 'bout it at nights, as you have, and studied how to make it attractive."

"Well, it's—jest *nice*. Ev'rybody says that. Mr. Grimkee"—and her voice almost hushed with awe—"is the Noah's ar-rork there?"

"Yes, it's there." No one but a tradesman would have detected disappointment in his tone. "Maybe not for long, though; maybe not for long!"

"I'm sorry," said she, then dropped the subject of the ark.

Old Grimkee thought that very queer. But Little Jinnie had never seemed like other children. So he dropped the subject, too, and he asked her *when* she would sit up.

"Oh, soon," she cried. "I'm better, ain't I, mar?"

Mrs. Conroy came in from the inner room, a smell of greases about her sleeves and hands and a worn expression on her face. "You're mendin', of course ye are! The docther says as ye'll be up Christmas. O'll be glad, sure an' O'll be!" The tired woman tried to look brighter. Even Old Grimkee saw that.

"Are you glad, Jinnie?" asked Old Grimkee. "Are you glad Michaelmas is comin'? You'll be up, you know."

"Do-ponds," said she, and Old Grimkee wondered where she had heard that word.

"If the little Christ Child will come an' if I can hear the singin' an' see the fine toys an' things an' all you've told me 'bout, Mr. Grimkee, you know"—she looked excitedly into his eyes—"why, I'll be *orful* glad!"

That was enough for Old Grimkee. He said goodby in a very *sudden* manner, and Little Jinnie smiled sweetly.

When he found himself outdoors he blew his nose several times, and his glasses were so wet he couldn't see the gate before him.

* * * * * * *

Christmas morning! In Old Grimkee's window some change was visible.

Behind the door in Little Jinnie's home stood Old Grimkee. He was peeping through the crack, and he kept up a regular pantomime as he looked into the inner room.

There sat Little Jinnie, a pretty color in her cheeks, and hugged tight in her arms was the Noah's ark.

"That's the thing I've dreamed 'bout," said she to her mother. "That's the ar-rk. An', oh, mar, think it's been a-restin' on Ararat an' now it's a-restin' *here*! Oh, oh!"

Then Old Grimkee rushed out and kissed her. He forgot just then that the price mark on the Noah's ark had been $5.



SALUTING THE CONVOY AT CHRISTMAS
(AN ANCIENT MARITIME CUSTOM)

JAPANESE, CHINESE AND KOREAN TOYS

By CHANNING A. BARTOW



CHINESE GIRL WITH HER DOLL.

THERE is no real Christmas in the far east, which is still essentially pagan, but the small boys and girls with the almond eyes have plenty of other holidays on which they give and receive presents and make merry in much the same manner as their western brothers and sisters on the occasion of Santa Claus' annual visit. And in the matter of toys Japanese, Chinese and Korean babies have little cause to envy their foreign friends, for not even the most marvelous mechanical products of Nuremberg surpass the products of the yellow toymaker's ingenuity. Children the world over are very much alike in their tastes, however different in appearance, and the playthings of infant Asia bear a strong fundamental resemblance to those of young America. Most popular, of course, are dolls. The parental instinct is universal.

China and Korea are great countries for dolls, but in Japan, that paradise of children, the make believe baby is so honorably regarded that it has a special holiday, the "Feast of dolls." This comes in February every year at the time of the Chinese new year. The dolls are placed on silk covered shelves in the best room in the house. Often it takes five or six shelves to hold them all. The principal participants in the feast are called the emperor and empress of Japan. They are dressed in court costumes, and the others, named for famous persons, are arranged about them. Doubtless at the coming celebration numerous doll Oyunas, Togus, Kurokis and Nogis will swell the crowds at the receptions of the mimic mikado. Silver bowls are placed before their majesties, and the child for whom the festival is kept puts fresh food in these dishes every day. At the end of three days the dolls are laid away for another year, only a few favorites being kept out for common use. Of these, one is the "lady with the six (or more) wigs," a baldheaded doll whose many changes of coiffure give her small owner endless delight.

Though this is primarily a girls' holiday, the small boy of Japan is not above playing with dolls and is especially fond of the doll theater. He is as much addicted to wooden soldiers and acrobatic toys as his counterpart in America. Marionettes are as popular in Japan as in Japan, long before Punch and Judy began to charm the hearts of American youth the little children of China were laughing over the dilemmas of these two famous characters. Little booths are set up on the streets, where traveling companies present their quaint shows. They have men on horseback, soldiers, lions, tigers, dragons, snakes and curious acting frogs, all made to go through their antics by means of strings and sticks managed by the showmen. Following the feast of dolls, the Japanese boys, too, have a holiday of their own, a distinctive feature of which is the school of huge paper fishes floating over every house in which there are boys, one fish for each son. The Japanese, being great fishermen, admire certain specimens of the fin bearers very much—for instance, the carp, which swims upstream, a sign of courage and perseverance. This fish has become with the Japanese an emblem of the boys, whom their parents wish to see possessed of these qualities.

On the boys' day the toy bazaars of the city are thronged with children. Swords, guns, pistols, trumpets, horses and menageries sell like hot cakes, and firecrackers fill the air with smoke and noise. There is in Tokyo one quarter consisting of three or four streets which contains nothing but bazaars for the sale of toys. Here for a few coppers one may buy a handful of bamboo rods from the ends of which dance the funniest imaginable caricatures on which the potent sake has worked its charm. The goggle eyed men whose heads roll on pivots are matched by jovial foxes and badgers which have also looked upon the sake when it was yellow. Toy animals of every sort—lizards, crickets and spiders—make the streets of Tokyo look like Broadway in New York the week before Christmas. A new popular toy is a Russian soldier with red hair and blue eyeballs, who performs all kinds of "stunts."

Tops and kites are always in favor in the east, and some of them are veritable works of art. The kites assume every possible form of fish, beast and bird, while the tops which transform themselves into butterflies and flowers as they spin seem to be the work of a necromancer. There is no distinction of age in flying kites and spinning tops. Old men and children may be seen together engaged in these time honored pastimes.

Asiatic babies are blessed with no end of gods who look out for their welfare, the Japanese having seven gods of happiness, one of whom, Hotei by name, corresponds closely to our St. Nicholas. Hotei is of a venerable and amiable appearance, wearing a long white beard, and carries a sack of gifts for good little boys and girls. To older persons he brings long life and is usually represented in art accompanied by a stork, which is supposed to live 1,000 years.

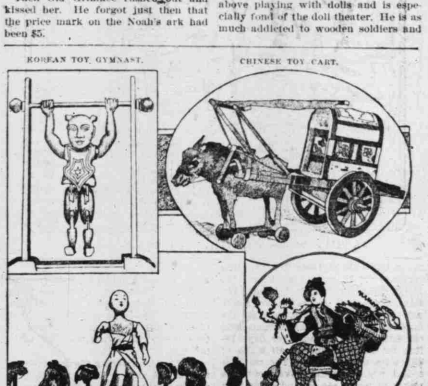
It is not all play and no work with the small Japanese, despite their abundance of enjoyments. A Japanese child is no sooner able to walk than he or she is called upon to act as nurse for a smaller brother or sister, if there is one. However, the "little mothers" do not seem to be troubled at all by their charges. They carry the babies on their backs, like papooses, and play ball, run races and fly kites in spite of their burdens. Strangest of all, the babies are perfectly happy and hardly ever cry, though often banged about in a way that would make an American baby howl with rage.



JAPANESE GIRL AND HER CHINA CUPBOARD.

The business spirit of the Chinese empire is reflected in the sports of the Chinese child, and small imitations of commerce play a large part in his life. Owners of toy carts organize mimic trading expeditions, while the less fortunate "keep store." The boys also play at war with ships and soldiers, and, as in Japan, one may see bands of children armed with toy guns or sticks drilling with true martial ardor. A regular feature of the game as it is played in China is, it is said, the alarm, "The Japanese are coming!" at which the whole pigtailed army runs as if Satan were after it. The Chinese boy is very fond of pets and often carries about with him a canary in a wooden cage or a cricket similarly imprisoned.

The less active Chinese girl has many beautiful toys of porcelain, lacquer and ivory, dolls and diminutive household utensils. The girls have their games also, such as battledoor and shuttlecock and jackstones. They "turn the mill" and "churn butter" to the accompaniment of nursery rhymes centuries old.



TOYS OF CHINA, JAPAN AND KOREA.

THE SIGN OF THE SON OF MAN

A CHRISTMAS POEM

BY J. A. EDERTON

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THE night is fair over Bethlehem
As amid God's lights on high
A strange, new star gleams out like a gem
In a setting of wintry sky.
It shines afar over stream and field
To an eastern caravan,
And three are thrilled as they see revealed
The sign of the Son of Man.

SINCE that sweet night the years have flown
As ripples flow on a stream,
While empires out of the earth have grown
To pass as a troubled dream,
And weary eyes have searched the skies,
As the ages onward ran,
With the hope once more to recognize
The sign of the Son of Man.



THE SIGN OF THE SON OF MAN.

BUT never and never men saw above
Its magical gleam afar,
Yet ever and ever the light of love
Was shed by the golden star,
For not on the skies do its bright rays burn,
But the hearts of his lovers scan
And there on the heavens within discern
The sign of the Son of Man.

IN mercy and peace, in the growing good
That sweetens the world today,
In the era of freedom and brotherhood
That comes on its shining way,
In the march of Truth and her victories,
With the Christ-soul leading the van,
Behold, 'tis in these that the spirit sees
The signs of the Son of Man.

FOR ever the burden of gladness grows,
And ever the sorrow dies,
And ever the soul that is quickened knows
A secret of sweet surprise,
And ever in those of the glad new birth
The eyes of the spirit scan,
Revealed in a glory transcending earth,
The sign of the Son of Man.

Christmas Ghost Hunting.

The custom of chasing spooks on the night before Christmas comes from Ireland. One dimicuity with making the thing go in America is that our houses are scarcely old enough to make good ghost repositories. A real haunted house should be sufficiently old to be something of a ghost itself. Like violins and whisky, a spooky atmosphere improves with age.

A ghost hunt should be carried on at midnight, of course. If no specter be found, an active imagination should have no difficulty in conjuring up one of its own. The only way to account for the fact that ghosts abound more at Christmas than at other times is that the Christmas season is a very attractive one on earth and the spooks come back to enjoy its good cheer.

Christmas and the Druids.

It is not generally known how many of our Christmas customs are almost identical with those of the Druids in early England. For example, the Yule log is said to have come from the wheel log, symbolizing the march of the sun. Then the mistletoe was a sacred bush among the Druids. They had a trinity of their own, and the white berries, which are often found in bunches of three, were to them a divine symbol. The carrying about of "the wren bush" in Ireland may be traced to the same sources, as the wren was a sacred bird with the Druids. Most remarkable of all is the fact that the time of their chief celebration was at the winter solstice, which is practically identical with Dec. 25, our Christmas day.

The Romans Used Holly.

It should prove of immense interest to students of history that the early Romans had a festival at about the time of our Christmas and that they festooned their houses with holly in honor of the god Saturn. This was called the Saturnalia, and the character of the celebration may be judged from the fact that the name is still the synonym for carousal and immorality. At this time the Romans sent their friends sprigs of holly, thus indicating their good wishes for prosperity and long life. It is related that the early Christians also decked their homes with holly at this season for the purpose of escaping persecution.

Sammie's Uncle Dick

By RUBY DOUGLAS

ALEXIA stood over the kitchen range popping corn, and the reflection of the crimson coals in her cheeks was like a full-blown blush rose.

It was the day before Christmas and, save for the long strands of popcorn Alexia was preparing, her great Christmas tree was dressed. It stood in the dining-room, its branches projecting about the windows heavily laden with mysterious berth-boned parcels and rainbow-hued ornaments.

"A real Christmas, after all," cried Alexia, and the smile which accompanied the words would have led one to believe that she was in her sixth winter instead of in her three-times-that-many with a few years added—just a few years, though! The family Bible said Alexia was two-and-twenty.

A great gust of wind drew her attention suddenly without. She stood by the window wondering if it was to be a real blizzard like they had in the west.

The heap of snow was growing larger and larger, and she watched the feathery flakes pile up on each other affectionately. All at once a white something, larger and more substantial than a snowflake, was drifted onto the heap. It was a tiny white envelope.

When she had finished the popper of corn Alexia opened the window and picked up the damp little paper. One short word was written in a much-blurred and childish hand: "God." Alexia would not have been so surprised if it had been Santa Claus. Children often write to him.

Out of the envelope she pulled a piece of note paper—probably surreptitiously borrowed—on which was written in the undeveloped hand of a little one:

"Dear God, please make me a Christmas tree like the one in the window across the court. I can see it. I will put this on the roof so's you'll get it sooner. Yours truly, Sammie."

So Sammie was the name of the little boy she had seen so often in the opposite window. He seemed lonely; she judged that his mother was dead and that the child's father was a busy, thoughtless man. An old housekeeper was the only person she ever saw about the apartment.

It was because Alexia had been a little lonely herself as Christmas drew near—her first Yuletide in the city—that she had gathered this little circle of poor children and planned a party for them. Her reasons were not purely philanthropic.

There was no need of two persons being lonely, Alexia philosophized, and she straightway went over to interview the old housekeeper in regard to Sammie. She did not mention the note, for, should the child find out, his faith would be shattered.

On Christmas morning, before Alexia was fully dressed, a small young male visitor was announced. No name was given, and she wondered if some of the poor little children, in his joyful anticipation of the day, had been unable to restrain himself until the appointed hour of the party.

But it was Sammie. He stood breathlessly in the hall without either coat or hat, his little cheeks bright with the nipping breath of Jack Frost.

"Uncle Dick's come," he said, by way of introduction to his mission. "My Uncle Dick came last night, and—and I can't leave him all alone. Please can't he come, too?"

"Of course, Sammie, bring Uncle Dick along," she said, taking his little round face in her hands.

Alexia's children had all arrived but Sammie, and the dining-room was filled with ejaculations of delight at each new view of the splendid tree.

She was beginning to wonder whether or not Uncle Dick had prevented Sammie's coming when an impatient tingle of the bell seemed to say "Sammie."

Alexia answered the ring herself "Here's Uncle Dick," said her small friend before she could open the door for him. "Where's the tree?" he cried, his childish excitement and importance at bringing a visitor running away with his patience.

Without a sign of an introduction, Sammie scampered down the hall toward the dining-room, leaving Uncle Dick standing in the doorway.

"Uncle Dick!" gasped Alexia when she could get her breath.

"Yes, Alexia," said Uncle Dick—but he was not old. "Sammie said I was invited. Am I?" He put out his hand. "It must be Fate, dear. Shall we defy it?"

"Or was it Sammie?" asked Alexia, putting her hand in his.

But before he could continue the argument the young man in question appeared.

"Aren't you coming, Uncle Dick?" he asked, astonished that anyone could remain so long away from such enticing sights as the dining-room held.

"Yes, Sammie, but, I say, come here," Sammie came, reluctantly.

And, because he was very young and very much interested in a Christmas tree, he did not notice how tenderly his Uncle Dick kissed him, and how many times Alexia took him in her arms that day hugged him.

A Christmas Angel

By DOROTHY DEAN

THE angel's name was Rosy. Most days she was just an ordinary little girl, but on Christmas eve she was to be an angel. Nate Downey brought her to the door, and then went on to his brother Tom's. He had some business to talk over. Tom's women folks would be at the church to-night; it would be a good chance. The church was all trimmed with wreaths of evergreen and festoons of cedar, with mottoes and silver stars. There was a mysterious green curtain across one end of the platform, and now and then a young lady peeped from behind it with a very important face.

Rosy was all wrapped up in a great fur cloak, but, oh! what a radiant white vision was hidden under that cloak! Because, as I said, Rosy was to be an angel, and it was Christmas eve.

The church was full of happy people. She nestled down quietly in a corner, her part would not come for a long time. By and by she fell to wondering about the Christmas angels—if they would come to-night across the fields. She had a great mind to go and see. She could slip out of the little door behind the curtain and nobody would know.

So she gathered her fur cloak around her and slipped out into the snow. It was so white and still out there; the stars shone down at her; she was not afraid. The fields stretched away before her in a deep, white silence, and she went away through a little hollow and across a pasture field. It was growing cold and she shivered under her fur cloak, but she did so want to see if the angels came.

She wondered if there would be any little girl angels like her, and if she would hear them sing. She wondered which way they would come, and which was the star the wise men followed. Maybe if she knew she might follow it, too, and find the little Christ-child, for had not they told her that He was on earth still? That one great star in the east, could it be the one? It was so bright she would follow it and see. It must be nearly time for the angels to come.

Presently she began to wonder which way she had come. The fields were wide and white about her, rising winds lifted tiny whirls of snow and twisted them into garlands and then dropped them gently. She shivered with the cold. Somewhere lay home, and the warm, bright church, and she could not tell which way. She looked up at the stars, but they seemed so far away, and the Christmas angels did not come. She would sing; maybe they would hear, and tell her which way to go.

It was ten o'clock when Nate Downey started home across the fields. It was nearer that way; he would stop at the church for Rosy. Tom and he had quarreled that night, something about the river meadow, and he walked on moodily, forgetting all about the blessed Christmastide, and the baby Peace that came to earth on Christmas night so long ago.

All at once he stood still and listened. Somewhere out of the dim starlight a voice sang, faint and far.

"Peace on earth," it sang, "peace and good-will."

He remembered that it was Christmas eve.

"Peace and good-will," sang the voice, blown a little farther by the wind. It was Rosy's song; what did it mean? The father's lip trembled a little. Rosy must be singing her song now in the church; what did it mean that he should hear it here? Was anything wrong with the child—his little pet daughter? The wind blew the sound to him again faintly.

"Peace and good-will, good-will to men!" Might it not be a message to him? Perhaps after all he had been rash and hasty with Tom; Tom was a good man. He would see him again to-morrow.

The voice came again, a little nearer; surely it was a voice, a child's voice, and there was the sound of a sob in it—it was Rosy's voice!

Nate Downey hurried on. The wind tossed the snow in his face, clouds were drifting up from the west, and blotting out the stars.

He called finally across the field: "Rosy! Rosy!" The wind caught the name as it left his lips and tossed it away.

The little voice sang no more. Only the wind kept up its swift minor swell, and went on heaping little mounds in the corners. A great fear was in his heart. He called again. Oh there! whence came the little cried sobbingly: "Papa, oh, papa!"

He sprang forward eagerly, calling again and again, and each time the little voice answered, till at last he had his own little daughter in his arms; the little Christmas angel who had come through the snow to him with her message of peace.

Nate Downey stopped a minute at the door of the church to let them know. Rosy was fast asleep in his arms; she stirred a little, half wakened by the lights and voices, and murmured drowsily the words of the Christmas song:

"Peace and good-will, good-will to men!"—Rural New Yorker.

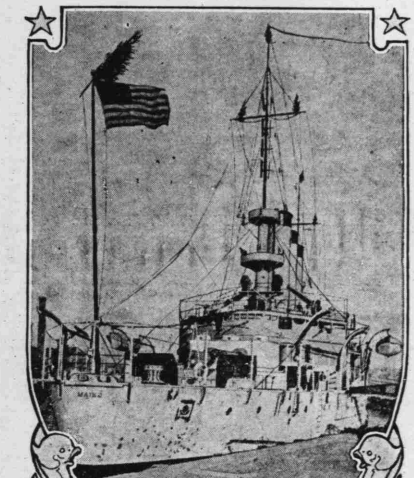
Christmas Day in The Navy

By A. W. Ferrin

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THERE is one feature of civilization which always follows the flag around the world. That is the spirit of Christmas. Wherever the 25th of December finds an American warship that place is on Santa Claus' map, though to get there he may have to shed his furs and change his reindeers for a team of porpoises. The seafaring man is sentimental to a degree, and no one of his fellow citizens celebrates the Yuletide with more enthusiasm than the man behind the gun.

Lying in one of Uncle Sam's navy yards or anchored in the sheltering harbor of some home port, where proximity to shore insures an abundance of the usual accessories, Christmas on board a man-of-war is not essentially different from the holiday of the landlubber. It is on the foreign stations, and especially those in tropic seas, that Jacky has to exercise his well known ingenuity to create a Christmas atmosphere. On many a battleship and cruiser have bamboos done duty as Christmas trees; banana leaves as holly and cacti as table decorations. Many a Chinese pheasant or other heathen bird has masqueraded at the Christmas dinner as a North American turkey.



BATTLESHIP MAINE DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS.

The navy's Christmas really begins at noon Dec. 24. After that hour discipline is relaxed and all hands are piped to the work of preparing for the morrow's festivities. The sun must not rise on masts or yardarms naked of Christmas greens, and all night the cook's galley fires are hot—a special concession from the "old man"—baking pies and cakes innumerable.

On Christmas morning the usual routine is omitted. During the forenoon religious services are held on vessels on which there are chaplains. Otherwise the sailor man is left to his own devices until noon. Then comes the event of the day—the Christmas dinner. Uncle Sam feeds his seagoing servants pretty well at all times, but at Christmas he spreads himself. Besides, the jackies generally have a few gold pieces saved up to put on the finishing touches, and the committee on comestibles is kept busy for days before the festival hunting all kinds of delicacies to their lairs. The result is a dinner which would make any man's mouth water on sea or land. One year on the Texas, for example, the menu of the forecastle Christmas feast consisted of oyster soup, roast turkey and cranberry sauce, boiled cold ham, pickled beets, celery, mashed potatoes, green peas, cider, mince pies, assorted cakes, oranges, apples, bananas, nuts, raisins, candy, coffee, cigars and cigarettes.

The Texas was at the New York navy yard, to be sure, but her relatives in the navy who passed the day in foreign ports probably fared quite as well, though their crews may have had to substitute some other bird for the turkey. The tars of foreign fleets welcome an American warship to an anchorage alongside on Christmas day, for they know what Yankee hospitality means. Seldom does a crew of an American vessel on service beyond the seas sit down to its Christmas dinner alone. While he may not be so generous as to call in the lame, the halt and the blind, man-o'-war's men from more than one imperial battleship or royal cruiser have occasion to remember with infinite regret the grub of the Yankee sailor.

After dinner general leave is granted and in home ports many of the sailors go ashore to visit relatives and friends. Most of the men, however, and on a foreign station practically all, remain on board for the sports to which the afternoon is devoted. Rowing is the most common feature of these contests, and where two or more vessels are gathered together there are highly exciting races for the championship of the fleet. On deck, boxing, wrestling and fencing vie for favor with sack races, three legged races and athletic games which involve quick work in going aloft and getting down again. Frequently the programme ends with a pie eating contest, which never loses popularity with either participants or spectators. With their hands tied behind them, the pie eaters be washed out in honor of the day. The plea is usually effective.

The distribution of Christmas mail, following the athletic programme, takes the place of the distribution of gifts at home. The farther from "God's country" the ship happens to be the greater the interest in this ceremony. Much of the mail may have been posted by dear ones at home many weeks before Christmas, but the letters and packages bear the inscription, "Not to be opened before Christmas," and the officers see that the injunction is not disregarded. Often the seals of sacks known to contain Christmas mail are not broken until the time comes for its distribution, that the recipient may derive the greater pleasure from their treasures by enjoying them in common.

The officers have their dinner in the evening. The day has very likely been a lonesome one in the wardroom, for if the ship is on a home station all the officers who can get away and who have families spend the day ashore. At night, however, they return, bringing their "sweethearts and wives" with them. The naval regulations, ordinarily ignoring the very existence of women, permits them to dine aboard ship on Christmas day, and few "navy women" fail to take advantage of such a privilege. A good part of every officer's December pay is exhausted in the interests of Yuletide cheer and no guest has ever hesitated to pronounce the wardroom's Christmas banquet an unqualified success. Still, it sometimes happens that the enlisted men have a better dinner than their superiors, for the able seaman is an early bird, and where supplies are limited he may corner the market before his officers know what has happened. The crew of a man-of-war on the Asiatic station some years ago bought up all the turkeys in Hongkong and Canton and the officers of the ship would have been put to it to find a substitute had not the sailors taken pity on them and given up some of their spoils.

The day's celebration ends with a concert by the ship's band or a minstrel show, with sailors and marines in burnt cork performing all manner of "stunts" and cracking many an excellent joke at the expense of the officers, who always take the jests in good part. International complications furnish plenty of themes for clever witticisms and sketches, in which the men often show much dramatic ability. Last year the Panama incident was very creditably "worked up" on one battleship. This year the Russian and the Jap will have to take their turns as targets for the minstrels' merry quips.



GIFTS FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

"The Star Spangled Banner," the marine anzen, puts the official benediction on the celebration, and, with "taps" sounding in their ears, officers and men curl up in their bunks and hammocks to dream of their maternal grandmothers and the other specters which plum pudding evokes.



JACKIES PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A Large Christmas Pie.

One of the largest Christmas gifts and altogether the largest pie on record was one sent by the Earl of Lonsdale to King George III. of England. The pie weighed 576 pounds, and it contained 9 geese, 2 ducks, 4 fowls (the kind not stated in the records), 6 pigeons, 6 wild ducks, 3 teal, 2 starlings, 12 partridges, 15 woodcock, 2 guinea fowls, 3 snipe, 6 plovers, 3 water hens, 1 wild goose, 1 curlew, 40 yellow hammers, 15 sparrows, 15 chaffinches, 2 larks, 4 thrushes, 12 fieldfares, 6 blackbirds, 20 rabbits, 1 leg of veal, 1 ham, 3 bushels of flour and 28 pounds of butter.

In the language of the nursery rhyme concerning the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, "wasn't that a pretty dish to set before the king?"

Christmas Gifts of Radium.

Last Christmas in London it was quite the thing to give Christmas gifts of radium. Of course only an infinitesimal particle of the precious substance was included in the present, and even then the gifts cost all the way from $10 to $50. An instrument called the spintharicope, which consists of a small case about the size of that containing a finger ring, contained the radium particle, which was placed under a small lens like a microscope. By taking the contrivance into a darkened room and looking through the eyepiece one could see varying lights flashing.

A Christmas Souvenir

By FRANK H. SWEET

MRS. BIGELOW STEVENS was walking slowly on Ormond Beach, gazing listlessly at the white sand dunes or out across the sea, and occasionally pausing to pick up a shell, which she was almost sure to cast aside indifferently a moment later. She was stopping at the Ormond, and a carriage was now waiting her signal at a notch in the dunes which marked the road. On the sand ridge above the road was the Coquina hotel, isolated and lacking paint, but having a reputation for good viands and excellent table service. It was popular with those who desired quiet and bathing, and there were even now a number enjoying the surf just as though it were not the day before Christmas, and along the beach between them and the hotel were a dozen or more children, some playing in the water and some in the sand.

Mrs. Bigelow Stevens paused, and gazed at them with dimming eyes. She had lost her own little girl but a few months before, and for that reason she was here; not to forget, but to find new scenes to awaken her interest. Presently a child of five or six separated from her companions, and came racing up the beach in pursuit of a hat which was rolling merrily along before a gust of wind. Mrs. Stevens reached out her parasol and intercepted the runaway.

"Thank you!" gasped the little girl, out of breath, but looking up with a roguish smile on her bright face. "I shall whip it when I get home." Then, instead of returning to her companions, she grasped a finger of her new friend. "May I walk with you?" she asked, beginning to swing along as though the permission was granted.

She was silent for some minutes, her lips tremulous with recollections of the past, and during that time the little girl made excursions from her finger to investigate escaping crabs and curious shells, and even the last efforts of waves that sent long lines of shallow water curving up toward their feet. At length Mrs. Stevens' lips grew firmer, and she looked down.

"I suppose your mother is here," she said.

The child in her turn became grave. "I haven't any mamma," she answered; "and my papa doesn't walk with me like he used to." She hesitated a little, and then went on, with childish frankness: "He—he talks loud to me sometimes, and his face gets red, and—and he strikes me. I don't have anybody to play with now."

That evening Mr. Stevens was looking over some new curiosities he had purchased. He did not care much for such things, but this winter he was trying to cultivate an enthusiasm for them in hope of interesting his wife.

"There are some really fine Florida sketches in that studio in the new block," he said, presently, looking up from a nautilus shell he had been examining. "One of them will make a nice souvenir of Ormond. However, if you do not care for them, you may select anything else you like. This year I am going to give you two presents—my usual one and one of your own choosing as an Ormond souvenir." He turned back to his shell, only to raise his head again quickly. "By the way, I forgot to tell you about a man I met on the street to-day. You remember Seaton, the bookkeeper, who ran away with $2,000?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was he, but so changed I hardly recognized the man. In his case, crime has certainly proved its own punishment. Two years ago he was reckless, but was very scrupulous about his personal appearance; now he is only a slovenly, red-faced toper." Mr. Stevens paused, and ran his fingers through his hair in an irritable, disgusted sort of way. "It isn't the man I care for," he grumbled, "but a fellow of his stamp seems to drag so much good into the mire with him. Fortunately his wife is dead, but there is a child left."

"Did you have him arrested?" Mrs. Stevens asked.

"No; what was the use?" a little apologetically. "He has gone through the money—and through himself almost. When he saw me he was too scared to speak, and just stood there trembling. I asked a few questions and found that the money was all gone and that he owed a month's board at the Coquina. He even confessed that he was thinking of running away and leaving the child."

"How old is the child?" Mrs. Stevens asked, eagerly.

"Oh, five or six; and she is a very nice little girl."

Mrs. Stevens rose from her chair with an unwonted light in her eyes. "Yes, she is a nice little girl. Now may I hold you to your word, and take whatever I like for my present—my Christmas souvenir?"

"Why, certainly, dear," with glad tenderness, as he detected the new interest in her eyes and voice, "whatever you like."

"Then I will take the little girl to be our own."

He half rose in his astonishment, but the look on her face prevented even the appearance of expostulation. "Very well, dear," he said; "we will go for her in the morning."—Farm and Fireside.

A Christmas Genius



"JQ. A. BOGGS, JR., the scion of an aristocratic house, stood on one leg, about which he twined the other. At same time he twisted his small body into graceful curves.

"Say, pop," he inquired, indifferently, while still in that attitude, "give me some Christmas money, will you? I got to have some, you know."

His father, the senior Boggs, looked at him severely. "How much d'ye want?" he inquired.

"'Bout ten dollars," responded the youth.

"What!" yelled the old man, "ten dollars? A boy like you? Never! Here, take this and run along. That's all you can have."

He handed out a silver dollar. Boggs, junior, bit it to see if it was good, expectorated upon it slightly for luck, and secreted it somewhere in his clothes. Then, with a vicious kick at the legs of the table he made his exit.

Five minutes later he stood in Cooper's Alley interviewing a bosom friend of his, whose euphonious name was Mickey Flynn.

Mickey Flynn was clothed in rags from head to foot, he was the real thing in the rag line. "Say, sport," began Mr. Boggs genially. "I'm doin' a turn, understand. I want yer clothes. How'll you trade?"

Mickey surveyed the clothes worn by the youthful Boggs with a critical air, and his face broadened into a smile.

"Gee! Quince!" he returned. "I'll trade. Yours is as good as new. Sure! Here goes!"

It was a cold, bleak day. Half an hour later a ragged, shivering urchin stood alone, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, drinking in all the glory of new sleds as they were effectively displayed in the windows of a department store.

"Gee, it's rotten cold!" exclaimed this youngster to himself. "Wonder how long I got to keep this up?"

Not long, for at that moment a carriage drawn by a pair of richly caparisoned horses drew up at the curb. At the window of the carriage appeared the face of a woman of wealth. The footman jumped down, and in response to her signal approached the boy. The boy, holding his rags together, followed the footman to the carriage. He looked with wistful, soulful eyes in the eyes of the woman.

"Gee!" he thought to himself as he looked at her. For he knew her. She was Mrs. John Y. Pierson, a friend of his mother's and a woman well known for her charitable deeds. But she did not know him. She was saying something about Santa Claus.

"Yes'm," he found himself replying, for he was a bit rattled; "yes'm, I've heard of him. In foreign countries," he added, as though quoting from a book, "he's called sometimes St. Nicholas and sometimes Kriss Kringle. He's the patron saint of children."

And then he stopped, for he had overreached himself. "Why—why," inquired the woman, "do you go to school?"

"Well, ma'am," he returned, curing his unfortunate slip, "I do when I have clothes to wear and—and when I've had something to eat. I don't know as I can now, though, fer the man wot owns our room is going to put us out—they's only my sister and myself," he added, to round the thing out. The woman looked at the angelic face and the ragged clothes, and then her heart overflowed—and her purse also, which is more to the purpose.

"I can't be bothered going around to his home—a dirty place, likely. I'll just give the money to the boy himself," she thought to herself. "I guess I can trust him." If she had said this aloud, Boggs Junior would have assured her that she could. As it was, he took the money, thrust it deep in his pocket, touched his hat, and strode, shivering, toward—home? Oh, no, merely toward a large shop around the corner. Once there, he examined the bill which the woman had given him. It was a ten-dollar one.

And so Boggs Junior went from store to store, always the same poor, shivering, angelic specimen of humanity, a perfect Christmas carol, an idyll in rags, so to speak. But there was one thing he was careful about. He kept a wary eye on the police.

Christmas morning at the Boggses. All the family and several relatives congregated about a huge tree in the library.

"Where's Quincy?" they all asked. They were soon answered, for immediately there burst into the room a very small boy grappling with a huge pyramid of paper bundles, which he dropped upon the floor.

"Here, pop," he began, handing that gentleman one of the packages, "this is for you, and this for mom; and here's something for the cook, and here's—and so on, ad infinitum. In other words, he was the hero and benefactor of the occasion.

"Why, where did you get the money for all these things?" they gasped. Boggs Junior smiled. "Worked for it," he replied.

"You must have worked hard," they suggested. "Naw," he returned, "it wasn't hard work at all. And," he continued, "it'd have been all right if I'd had an overcoat somewheres in my insides. Gee, but it was cold for fair!" This was as near as the family ever got to an explanation.

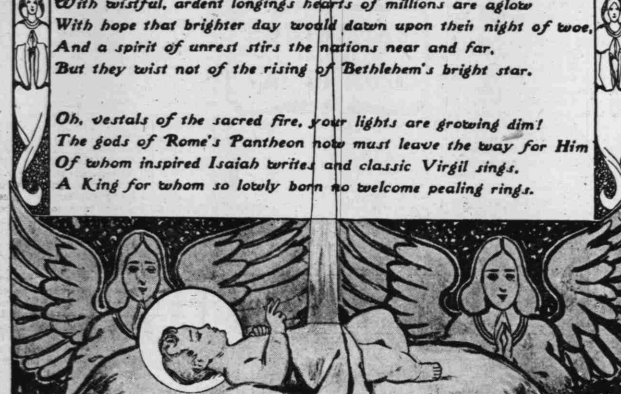
The Star of Bethlehem

By Neil MacDonald

The clouds are ominously dark upon Olympus' brow;
The Delphic oracle has lost its ancient prestige now.
For faith and trust in pagan gods are passing fast away,
And men are weary of beliefs fast hastening to decay.

With wistful, ardent longings hearts of millions are aglow
With hope that brighter day would dawn upon their night of woe,
And a spirit of unrest stirs the nations near and far,
But they wist not of the rising of Bethlehem's bright star.

Oh, vestals of the sacred fire, your lights are growing dim!
The gods of Rome's Pantheon now must leave the way for Him
Of whom inspired Isaiah writes and classic Virgil sings,
A King for whom so lowly born no welcome pealing rings.



No regal pageant marks His birth, no princes greetings bring,
But angel choristers aloft a heavenly anthem sing,
And star-led sages from the east adore the Child divine
And place their priceless gifts beside the Infant's manger shrine.

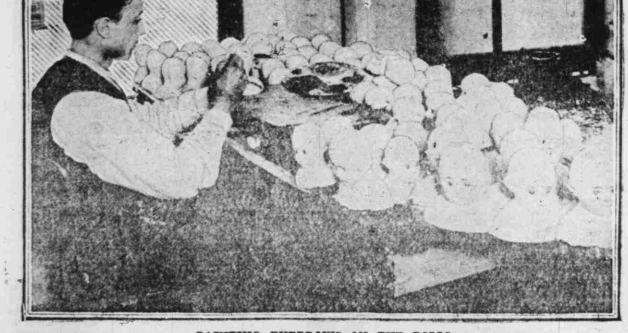
And since that bright, auspicious day since He His reign began
Ideals purer far have swayed the destinies of man,
And faith, so long eclipsed by doubt, illumed the human mind,
Which, long immersed in gloom, had sought some certitude to find.

He taught us how to live aright, to suffer and be strong;
That he who's ruled by selfish aims is ever in the wrong;
That blessedness, not happiness, should be our constant aim,
And that the right should be esteemed above success and fame.

He showed us how a sin-stained soul in purity might shine
And wretched, ruined lives assume a semblance of divine;
He taught us love should rule our hearts and rectitude life's plan;
He taught us kindness and proclaimed the brotherhood of man.

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In Santa Claus' Doll Factory



PAINTING EYEBROWS ON THE DOLLS.

SONNEBERG, in faraway Germany, it would seem, is the real home of Santa Claus,' the magic treasure house where he fills his fuexhaustible pack. The town is in the heart of the Thuringian forest, where have dwelt so many giants, dwarfs and fairies. Thirteen thousand persons are busy all through the year in Santa Claus' chief workshop, even in the sultry days of July, when the thoughts of the rest of the world are far from Christmas. Sonneberg has no other industry than the manufacture of toys, and the entire population is on Santa Claus' payroll. Of one kind of doll alone Sonneberg makes 2,000,000 a year, and the total Christmas trade brings to the Sonnebergers $6,000,000 annually.

Dolls comprise the largest part of the Christmas output. The maternal instinct is universal among little girls, of whatever nationality.

Over 2,000 women and girls act as dressmakers for the dolls. Some of the toilets are very elaborate and follow the prevailing styles as closely as if they were made for duchesses or reigning queens.

Leppy's Christmas Carol

By MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN



"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

IT was the voice of Leppy Sanders, errand boy for Hardman & Son, who was practicing a carol for the choirboys' Christmas festival at St. Luke's. Leppy had the sweetest of voices, the most restless of bodies, and the most freckled of faces. The first had won him a place in St. Luke's vested choir; the second had kept him from learning his carol until he was in danger of being discharged by the long-suffering choir master; and the third had won him the name of Leppy, which is the diminutive of "Leopard," and was given him by his friends because of the spots which he could not change—those enduring freckles.

As he opened the door of Hardman & Son's office, and sang, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," the sense of humor which sometimes accompanies freckles brought a whimsical look to his face, for the idea of calling Hardman & Son "merry gentlemen" was distinctly incongruous.

Hardman was rubbing his eyes and saying to himself: "To be blind—blind! To be shut in darkness, and one's life work not half done. I shall never get the courage to see an oculist and hear that doom pronounced."

Son, at his desk, was looking fixedly out of the window, and saying to himself: "To be dishonored! To have gotten the firm's affairs into such a muddle that there's no clear way out unless I throw myself on father's mercy, and I shall never get the courage to tell him."

"Let nothing you dismay," sang Leppy, stumbling on, boy fashion, toward the rear office.

Hardman suddenly looked up, and with unusual interest in his voice, said:

"Come back here, Leppy. Can you sing the whole of that?"

"Do'n' know if I can, Mr. Hardman, but I'm tryin' to get it, 'cause if I don't have it straight by to-night, I'll be discharged from the choir. It's the last rehearsal, you see. I don't want to get bounced, because I get a quarter a week, and that helps out."

"Well, I'll give you a quarter now, if you'll sing it through for me. I used to sing that thing myself when I was a kid, and—"

Hardman had stopped speaking, and seemed to have forgotten all about Leppy, who hardly knew what to do, until Son nodded to him, and said, kindly:

"Sing it, Lep, if you can."

Then Leppy began, and—marvel of marvels—he sang it perfectly from beginning to end. What would the choirmaster have said if he could have heard it? Leppy was much impressed with his achievement, and when he stopped, his look of mingled pride and astonishment would have been funny, if there had been anybody to see it.

Hardman partially roused himself and handed the boy a silver dollar, then turned back to his desk without a word.

"Shall—shall I get it changed, Mr. Hardman?"

There was no answer from Hardman, and Son, coming once more to the rescue, said:

"No, Leppy—it's all right. Run along."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy. And then, without thinking to say "thank you," so appalled was he by this sudden affluence—he went out of the office, and soon his silvery tones could be heard echoing down the wide hall:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

Son rose suddenly from his chair, and laid his hand on Hardman's shoulder. "Father," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"Son," said Hardman, unsteadily but bravely, "I have something to tell you."

It doesn't matter who began first, or how much each one hesitated and looked out of the window to hide the embarrassment of a man's confidence to a man. At last, both stories were told, somehow, and when Hardman and Son started out to lunch together, they looked several degrees more like "merry gentlemen" than they had two hours before.

Hardman was saying: "We'll straighten that out in a week's time, Son. You did right to tell me now. And in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, dad, we'll see that oculist together, and I know your sight can be saved."

And so it was—not only the physical sight, but that finer sense which makes us see the struggles of those we love, and understand and help them. At that moment there was only the hope of this in Hardman's eyes, but that was enough to make the world already brighter, and when they encountered Leppy near the street door, Hardman said: "Oh, by the way, Leppy, I forgot to give you that quarter—here it is," and to the boy's astonishment, another silver coin was slipped into his hand.

This time Leppy fairly choked with amazement; but as he scampered away, he found voice to trill out again, in a veritable paean of joy:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."
And nothing did dismay them!

The Mistletoe Girl

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER



ISABEL paused on the last step and drew on her gray suede gloves thoughtfully. The only touch of relief in her gray costume was the spray of scarlet holly berries that lay against her squirrel stole.

"But if he should come while we are gone," she said.

Mrs. Dexter looked up at her inquiringly, also admiringly, as a contented mother may look at a debutante daughter who has fulfilled every expectation.

"He might wait," she suggested. Isabel frowned slightly.

"He doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Not by others," murmured Mrs. Dexter, discreetly, "but when it is you, dear—"

Isabel laughed and shrugged her shoulders as she fastened the last button.

As the carriage went down the avenue Isabel bent forward to watch the crowd of Christmas promenaders.

"I ordered the holly and mistletoe yesterday," Mrs. Dexter was saying, ruminatively. "The flowers came last night, all except the table decorations. They are to be there by 11. Betty said she would look after them."

"She has my chiffon dress to change before dinner," said Isabel.

Mrs. Dexter bowed her head in comfortable abstraction.

"She can do both."

Isabel smiled quizzically at her tone. Suddenly the smile vanished and she leaned toward the window eagerly to catch a glimpse of a tall figure as it turned into Fifth avenue.

"There is Mr. Wade now," she said. "Shall we go back?"

She hesitated, a slight flush tinting her face as she sank back against the maroon cushions.

"No," she continued. "I think he will wait."

The carriage passed without Wade's recognition of its occupants. He walked on up the avenue, his hands deep in his pockets, his chin uplifted belligerently.

He would see her at all costs. If he asked for her alone, they could not keep her from him. Heretofore in his calls it had been Isabel as a matter of course, who received him. But to-day was Christmas, and he carried a Christmas greeting to the girl he loved.

The ladies were both out, Gifford told him at the door. Would he wait?

"Miss Betty is hanging mistletoe in the study for the ball to-night," explained Gifford.

"I will wait there," said Wade, and Gifford stood alone in the hall, looking at a $5 gold piece which had reached his palm suddenly.

She was trying to hammer a small brass hook into the archway, and was singing softly. Wade thought as he let the portieres fall behind him that he had never heard "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," sound quite so sweet in all his life.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and Betty dropped the hammer.

"I said Merry Christmas," he repeated, laughing up at her.

"Please pick up the hammer," said Betty, sedately. "You mustn't bother me."

Wade laid the hammer on the table.

"You can't hammer in a hook. It screws in. Let me do it."

Betty sat down on top of the ladder.

"Everybody's out," she remarked, irrelevantly.

"I'm glad of it," responded Wade, composedly.

"Isabel's out, too."

There was a long silence. Betty's chin was resting on one hand. The other held a bunch of mistletoe ready for hanging on the hook, and she looked down at the tiny, pearly berries meditatively. Wade walked to the window and back again to the base of the footladder.

"Don't you know that I want to see only you, Betty?" he asked.

Betty hung the bunch of mistletoe in place with unsteady fingers. He could not see her face.

"I'm very busy, Mr. Wade. You know Aunt Octavia gives a ball to-night. The decorators did all the rooms except for the mistletoe, and I am to put all of that up."

"You are always busy."

A trace of sadness came over the lovely girlish face.

"They are all very kind to me," she said, bravely. "I like to help, and feel that I am needed."

There was the cound of carriage wheels on the avenue outside. As they stopped before the house Wade's jaws squared with determination. He held up his arms to the figure in black on the stepladder.

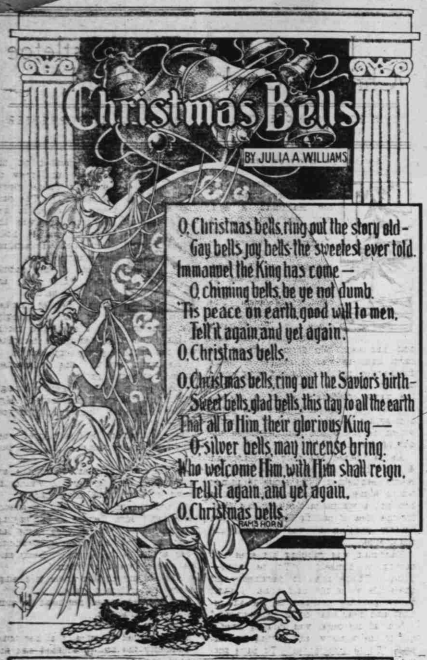
"Betty, I need you most, sweetheart," he said. "Won't you come to me?"

The portieres at the end of the room parted, and for an instant Mrs. Dexter and Isabel paused at sight of the picture before them. At the foot of the ladder stood Wade, with Betty held closely in his arms, his lips pressed to hers.

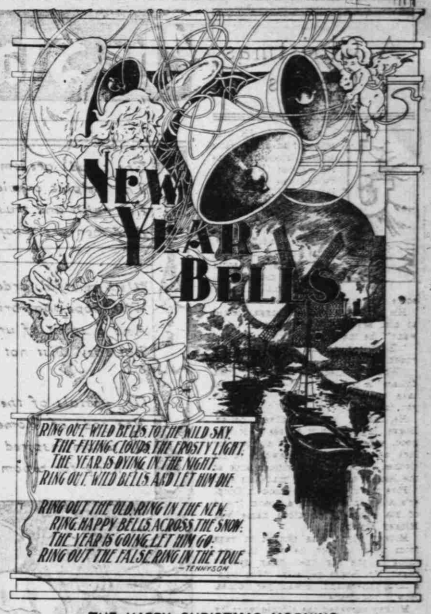
"Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, as she caught her breath.

Wade raised his head, his eyes brimful of merriment.

"It's all right, Mrs. Dexter," he said, cheerily. "We're under the mistletoe, and Betty's just promised to be the only mistletoe girl in the world for me. Merry Christmas!"—Boston Globe.







THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS MORNING.



A CALL FOR DIPLOMACY.



"He sends me his photo, and proposes matrimony—and I don't want him; but it is so near Christmas that I— O, dear!"

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.



Find out what animals the little pictures along the border of this picture represent. Then put their names into the blank spaces to get the missing words.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.



Mr. Tardy resolves to pay Binks that fiver he borrowed last summer.

A CHRISTMAS PROMISE.



Beneficent Limitation.

"I wonder how the custom of hanging up stockings originated?"

"I suspect," said Mr. Serius Barker, "that in days gone by the heads of families started the custom in self-defense. It would be impossible to get a suit of clothes or a grand piano into a stocking, you know."—Washington Star.

Peculiar Christmas Rite.

In the Pacific islands some of the natives have a peculiar Christmas custom. Every Christmas day they offer up sacrifices, but in whose honor they have not the faintest idea. It is supposed to be a relic of some missionary teaching, as these natives are still heathen.

THE ROCKING REINDEER: A CHRISTMAS CUT-OUT.



Cut out the reindeer, and then cut around on the heavy lines and fold on dotted lines. Paste the laps "A" on the top of the opposite rocker. Paste a top blank lap to the inside of the "A" laps, and the bottom blank laps to the inside of rocker.

UNNECESSARY EXPENSE.

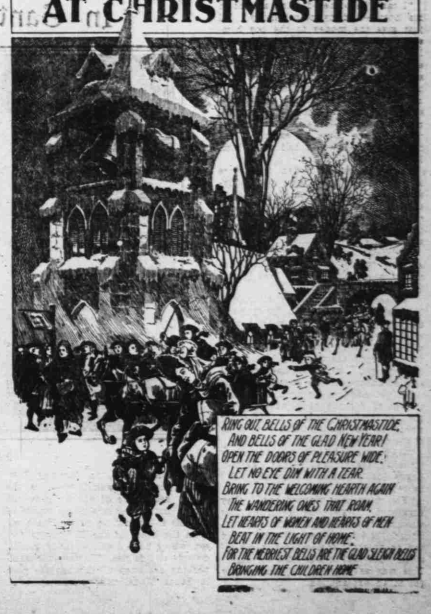


Very Modern Youngster (to papa personating Father Christmas. Time, midnight)—What's the good of your dressing up in that ridiculous way, dad? Ye might have saved the money ye paid for that rig-out and bought me an extra present.

Turkeys Replace Peacocks.

Peacocks formerly took the place of turkeys on the Christmas table.

AT CHRISTMASTIDE



The Claim Jumpers

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By.... ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

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THE wagon was an old, ramshackle affair and creaked dismally as the shabby mules dragged it slowly along over the obscure prairie road. Their harness was a combination of ropes and well worn straps, whose hard edges had rubbed off patches of the sorrel hair from the animals' lank sides and sharp backs.

The wagon cover was soiled and patched in many places, and through its center protruded a short, rusty stovepipe, from which issued a thin volume of blue smoke which stretched out in a long wake behind, held in form by the chill December air.

Now and then flocks of brown sparrows would rise up out of the dead grass and whirl away like withered leaves borne aloft on an autumn breeze, while near the roadside saucy little prairie dogs perched above their holes and chattered and barked defiance at the dilapidated vehicle as it went lumbering by.

On a board across the front part of the wagon, lines in hand, sat a girl apparently not more than nineteen years old, though she was in reality twenty-one. A mass of dark gold curls peeped from under the hood that covered her shapely head, her eyes were bright hazel, and the breath of chill wind that crept up under the canvas gave a vivid color to her pretty cheeks.

"Faith, how much farther is it to Uncle Ethan's?" anxiously inquired a youth of ten who occupied a low bench that stood in the center of the wagon bed.

"A long way yet, dear, I am afraid," replied the girl. "More than a hundred miles, I should say."

"Then we can't have no Trismus," plaintively sighed a curly haired mite scarcely more than five years old, who lay half buried in the folds of a huge buffalo robe.

"I'm afraid our Christmas will be rather dreary, Bessie," responded Faith, a momentary shadow crossing her fair face, "but let us be thankful we have such a nice shelter from the cold," she added quickly, casting her eyes about the interior of the canvas covered wagon, then out across the dreary stretch of houseless prairie upon which a few scattering flakes of snow were beginning to fall.

At the rear end of the wagon was a pile of bedclothes, while in a clear place near the middle stood a small heating stove, in which a cheerful wood fire was burning. On the ridgepole at the top of the bows hung several cooking utensils, and under the front seat was a good sized provision box, containing part of a sack of flour, some sides of bacon, tea, sugar and a few other necessary articles of food.

A little less than a year prior to the present time Faith Haskins' father had died, leaving her alone on a bleak Nebraska claim and with her little brother and sister, Clinton and Bessie, to care for. Their mother had been taken from them only eight months before her husband. The condition was a serious one, as they were left very poor, and there seemed nothing in the future sufficiently hopeful to mitigate their grief. Faith, however, true to her name, did not despair, but went bravely to work to support herself and the children. During the summer, with Clint's help, she cultivated a small patch of ground, and the winter previous had earned a small sum by teaching a short term of school. Realizing that it would be almost impossible for them to continue this mode of life for any length of time, she had written to her mother's brother, Ethan Bartley, who lived on a ranch in southwestern Kansas, and he had advised her to sell their small property and come with Clint and Bessie and make their home with him.

Very gladly had Faith accepted the offer, but, finding it impossible to convert their few effects into cash, she left the place in charge of a renter and, not having money for railroad fare, decided to make the journey by wagon. There were a score of young claim holders who would have been very well pleased to retain the girl as a housekeeper for themselves, but she cared for none of them and would not marry simply for a home.

It was a great undertaking, this journey of theirs and at this season of the year, but it seemed preferrible to another winter on the claim, and they set out in apparently good spirits. The younger ones were indeed happy, as all children are at the prospect of a change. They had been traveling for about two weeks and had reached a point near the center of western Kansas and were pressing on toward "Uncle Ethan's ranch" as fast as the now jaded mules could take them.

It was a lonely and desolate sight that met Faith's eyes as they wandered wearily over the brown, cheerless plain. For miles and miles around no sign of a human habitation broke the monotonous wildness of the scenery save at rare intervals when some abandoned sod shanty or a dugout could be dimly seen, scarcely distinguishable from the brown grass which surrounded it.

"There ought to be a settlement somewhere near here," remarked the girl driver as a blue line of scrubby trees loomed up in the distance through the falling snow. "I hope we'll reach the timber before nightfall," she went on, casting a troubled glance at the threatening sky.

It was about 4 in the afternoon when she drove the tired team down a little slope which led into a low, winding valley. A scant growth of scraggy elms and ghostly sycamores skirted the small, crooked stream, while dense thickets of plum and persimmon were scattered here and there. The latter, just now were prodigal in their production of bunches of golden purple fruit. A quick glance about decided Faith to camp here for the night. She was just reining the team from the rutty road into a sheltered glade when there was a sharp jolt, accompanied by a sound of breaking wood, as one of the wheels suddenly dropped into a deep, rain washed gully.

An involuntary cry of dismay escaped her when she leaned out and discovered that the wheel was broken.

"Oh, Faith, what ever will we do now?" cried Clint as he saw what had happened. And Bessie, thoroughly frightened, began crying bitterly.

"Never mind, little one; it'll be all right," said Faith encouragingly. "We can get the wheel mended somewhere." But despite her cheerful words she realized that it might require many miles of weary travel to have the damage to the wagon repaired. Even if there should be a shop within two or three miles, which was not at all likely in such an isolated spot, how was she to transport the heavy broken wheel even a single mile? Although she could see no way as yet to overcome the difficulty, she was determined not to give up. There was always some way out of every dilemma, and her ever hopeful heart told her she would surely find one in this instance.

She climbed out of the wagon and, assisted by Clint, began to unhitch the team, while Bessie, dragging the buffalo robe after her, stood under a persimmon tree gazing at the cause of their present trouble with tear wet eyes. The storm was increasing rapidly, and the icy wind blew the flakes through the long, dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

As Faith, shivering with cold and apprehension, led the animals away from the wagon the sound of approaching hoofs came through the snow laden air, and the next instant two men mounted on sturdy ponies reined in near the wrecked vehicle. They looked to be about thirty, were full bearded and clad in the rough garb usually worn by plainsmen of the west. Broad brimmed hats covered their heads, and each had a brace of heavy revolvers stuck in his wide leather belt. In one unaccustomed to this style of dress the appearance of these armed men might have induced a feeling of terror, but it was not so with Faith. Such types of western life were familiar to her, she having spent the past four years on the frontier of Nebraska.

"Good evenin', miss," said Ike Barclay, dismounting from his pony. "Had a breakdown, I see. Bad job!" he continued after examining the wagon critically.

"Yes, sir," returned the young lady, turning the mule she was holding so that she could face the men. "Is there any place near where I can get the wheel mended?"

"Wal, that's ole Berger's blacksmith shop, over at Miley's store, but it's nigh three miles from hyer. Whar's yer men folks?" he inquired, glancing around.

"We have no men folks with us," replied Faith.

"Wot! Yer don't mean ter say yer travelin' alone with only them two kids?" broke in Jim Hancock.

"Yes," responded she simply. "We have come from Nebraska and are on the way to our uncle's, whose home is in the southwestern part of this state."

"Wal, I'll be"— But the speaker suddenly grew red in the face and did not proceed to tell what he would "be."

"Yer see," Ike began, "it seems plumb curi'us-like ter see a woman travelin' alone sich weather." Then after an almost imperceptible pause, as though for explanation, he continued: "But it's lucky we fellers happened along; it is, by ginger! Now, miss, if you're willin' t' trust Jim hyer an' me, we'll take that wheel over ter ole Berger's an' git him ter mend it up fer yer."

"If you'd only be so kind," returned Faith hastily, for, notwithstanding the relief she experienced, the situation was not free from embarrassment, "I'd be very much obliged."

"Not er tall," replied Ike, with an attempt at polite speech.

The combined strength of the two served to put the wagon propped up in a short time and the offending member removed.

"I reckon we can carry it betwixt us," said Jim. "But, goe whiz, ain't this wind cuttin'!"

"Reg'lar ole nor'wester," rejoined his companion. "A bad night fer them kids and fer the woman ter be out, an' Christmas eve, at that! It's sufferin' wicked—'tis, fer sure!"

"Why, blame us, wot we chawin' erbout! Ther's Rob's cabin over thar a few steps, back o' them persimmons," Then, turning to Faith: "Miss, it's goin' ter be purty rough weather ternight an' I reckon er cabin would be right smart comfer'abler than campin' out in er wagon. Ther's a shanty over beyond that patch o' timber—belongs ter a friend o' ourn, a chap on a visit ter his ole home in Indianny. Yer welcome ter ride thar—you an' them kids—if yer care ter."

"I'd be only too glad of shelter from this storm," said Faith—"that is, if you are sure the real owner wouldn't care."

"He's not one o' them kind—this friend o' ourn ain't. He's open hearted as th' day an' ther bes' settler in these yere parts."

Her anxiety on this score being removed, she allowed Ike to lead the way to the cabin, which was only a short distance, but invisible from where the accident occurred on account of the trees. It was a new log structure, tightly daubed with lime and sand. There were a snug fireplace and good though scanty homemade furniture.

Faith was overjoyed at the prospect of a comfortable lodging so strangely provided and cast a quick and curious glance about the place. The deer rifle thrown across the antlers above the fireplace and a man's old straw hat, coat and blue jeans hung on pegs at the head of a rude couch gave satisfactory evidence that the owner was a bachelor, but he was away, and the fact gave her no uneasiness.

Ike built a roaring fire on the open hearth, while Jim brought from the wagon such articles as would be needed during their stay. This done, the two men mounted and rode away, carrying the crippled wheel between them, but with a promise that it should be back "'fore mornin'."

"Facie," said Bessie, clinging to her sister's skirts as she made preparations for the evening meal, "this is mos' as good as Trismas, ain't it?"

"Yes, dear, and I'll try to make it up to be just as good as Christmas by an extra fine supper," said the older one, stooping to kiss the happy face.

"Ah, Faith," spoke up Clint as he stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, "make flapjacks an' 'oodles of 'em, an', say, let's have brown sugar sirup!"

When Barclay and Hancock reached the blacksmith shop they tumbled their burden to the ground with "She'd never 'ave got it here, never!" Berger, large and dust begrimed, was just closing up for the night.

"Hol' on, hyer, ole tinker!" greeted Jim, springing from his horse and pushing the wheel before him into the shop. "We want this 'ere wheel mended up right 'way."

"That's right," put in Ike. "An' le's see yer git an or'ental hump on yer self. We want to carry it back where it cum from 'fore this snow gits cuny wuss."

Berger mumbled something about being tired and hungry, but nevertheless set to work at once. Satisfied that it would be repaired as expeditiously as possible, they hitched their ponies out of the wind and started for Miley's store. They spared a minute before one of the windows and looked in. The proprietor was tying up a package for a little man with a red scarf around his neck, while a solitary individual stood warming himself by the fire in the back part of the store. Suddenly an exclamation burst from Jim, and, grabbing his companion by the shoulder, he pointed excitedly to the figure at the stove.

"Look, Ike; thar's Rob Desmond got back, sure as shootin'!"

"Yer right, by ginger!" ejaculated Ike as he peered in above the rim of frost on the pane at a handsome, well built young fellow of about twenty-five who had taken off his hat and coat and seemed to be making himself thoroughly comfortable in front of Miley's old rust spotted heater.

"Wot'll he say?"

"'Bout his cabin?"

"Yep."

"Lightnin' an' razors!"

"Say, Ike, I've struck an idee," whispered his companion, with a half suppressed chuckle. "We can have a good one on Rob—the best thing out—a reg'lar Christmas joke!"

"Wot is it?"

Approaching his friend, Jim spoke a few words in his ear. Ike put both hands over his mouth to check the laughter he could not quite repress.

"That'll be a rich one on Rob, all right. We'll do it! By Jinson, we will!" he exclaimed. "A feller needs a leetle cheer o' some kind at Christmus time." Then after a few minutes of hurried conference the two entered the store. After greeting Miley, who stood behind his counter, they hastened back to the stove and gave the new arrival a hearty welcome.

"And what's the news?" asked Desmond as he shook hands with them both.

"News?" said Jim, assuming a reflective look and puckering up his eyebrows. "Oh, nothin' much, 'cept thet ole Biler's sold out an' left. An'—lemme see—yes, thar's Super, he got throwed an' broke his collar bone, an' us galoots has been doin' wot we could ter patch 'im up. Wasl, an' then," with a wary look, "thar's some new settlers comin' in lately—nawth timber claims, an' jumpin' 'em, too, when they git a chance. But how'd yer leave the ole folks back in Indianny?"

"All well, and could hardly tear myself away from them."

"I reckon hearin' 'bout yer claim has kinder hiked yer back," remarked Ike, regarding him out of the corner of his eye.

"My claim! What do you mean?" And Desmond's blue eyes dilated widely and grew almost black.

"I s'posed yer heered all about it 'fore this," said Jim. "Why, yer see, yer claim has been kinder took. A family moved inter yer shanty. Yes, they have, by ginger!" he added as a wave of incredulity stole over his listener's features.

"Do you mean to tell me that some low down sneak has dared to jump my claim while I've been back visiting my



THE DOOR OPENED AND FAITH ENTERED.

father and mother?" cried Desmond, the flush of doubt changing to one of resentment.

"Looks powerfully thet way," admitted his tormentor. "Seed a kivered wagon thar an' smoke pourin' out o' yer chimbley."

"Who is the sneaking curl" demanded the now thoroughly aroused man.

"I dunno."

"Well, it won't take me long to find out," retorted Rob, drawing on his heavy buffalo overcoat with an angry jerk.

"Wot! Yer ain't goin' ter go ter yer claim right now?"

"Yes, and I'll see that that sneak thief gets out of my shack in a hurry. I've got pretty well warmed up," with a grim smile, "and don't need Miley's fire any longer."

"I wouldn't go if I was you," said Ike.

"You wouldn't?" eying him with contemptuous astonishment.

"No!"

"You must be a fool if you think I'm going to give up my land, after all I've done on it, without so much as a 'by your leave?'"

"But yer might get inter trubble."

"Might I?" cried Desmond, with a gesture of disgust, holding up a pair of heavy pistols and then thrusting them into his belt. "We'll see about that! If the cuss isn't off my premises inside an hour I'll give him 'trouble' and lots of it!"

"I don't think you'll run that settler out," said Jim coolly.

"You don't!"

"No, I don't."

"What's the reason?"

"Thar's sev'ral reasons, an' as fer me, I wouldn't want ter tackle the job."

"You wouldn't? Well, don't worry, I'll not call on you for assistance," and, with a quick stride, Rob Desmond walked out of the store, got his horse from the stable where it had been kept during his absence, mounted and was soon galloping away through the snowy dusk of the late afternoon.

When he was well beyond earshot the two conspirators went off into roars of laughter. Then they had to acquaint Miley with the occasion of their mirth, for he enjoyed a joke as well as the next one.

"It's a good one on Rob, by gum!" cried the storekeeper, joining heartily in the laughter.

"Which calls fer a box o' cigars an' two bottles o' Miley's temperance phosphate, don't it, Ike?" demanded Jim.

"That's wotever!" affirmed Ike. "An' the same to be charged ter Rob Desmond's account?"

"Exactly."

"Good enough," said Miley. "Five dollars is cheap a-plenty fer him to get off with. I 'magine I kin see him a-gittin' madder 'n ever an' ridin' like all persessed through the snowstorm down ter his claim," chuckled the old man as he reached for a box of cigars on the shelf.

"Hol' on a minute, Miley," said Jim. "Wot yer say, Ike, ter dispensin' with them cigars an' phosphatizin' this time an' takin' th' amount o' Rob's treat in the toys an' sich tricks fer Christmus presents fer them kids an' puttin' in five of our own fer something neat fer that leetle woman?"

"The very idee! By thump! I kin remember how Nosy's ark an' tin whistles an' sich do-funnies us'ter stir me up when I was a kid back in Jackson county at Christmus time. Yer a plumb genius, Jim, yer air, by ginger!"

Meantime Rob Desmond, his mind filled with righteous wrath against the unprincipled wretch who had dared "jump his claim," was nearing his cabin. In his anger snow and cutting winds were scarcely noticed. Only one dominating desire possessed his soul—to set eyes on "that rascal of a claim jumper" and order him off his domain forthwith.

When he reached the persimmon thicket he hitched his horse and walked energetically toward his cabin. The door was partly open, held so by little Bessie, who was watching the falling snow. She was alone, the others having gone to the dugout stable to see that the mules were made comfortable for the night.

The glow from the fireplace revealed, to the owner's astonished gaze, a bright eyed little fairy with long golden hair. She was swaying back and forth humming to herself. Then she broke out earnestly:

"Oh, Santy, tum right here an' make our wagon well, an', if you can spare 'em, just drop some nice Trismus presents down."

She ceased suddenly as the form of a man loomed up before her. She had been asking for Santa Claus, and there was now no doubt in her mind but that Rob, in his big fur overcoat covered with snowflakes, was the great personage for whom she had been calling.

"Where's your pa, little girl?" asked Desmond, entering his own cabin.

"He's gone," answered Bessie, looking half shyly at the visitor.

"Gone! Where to?"

"Gone to heben," said the little girl very simply.

"Humph!" muttered Rob to himself. "I didn't know claim jumpers went to heaven."

"Is you Santa Claus?" asked Bessie abruptly, fixing her gaze, first on the great buffalo overcoat dotted with white, then raising her eyes wistfully to the young man's handsome face.

"No, little one, I'm not Santy," said he kindly, the hard look on his face vanishing under the magnetism of the child's presence and guileless prattle.

Desmond loved children. What if some of her folks had wronged him! She was innocent and as pure as the new fallen snow. His anger having subsided, he drew from his pockets a few trinkets and a paper of pretty candies which he had bought at the store, "to be in spirit with the season," he had apologized to Miley. These he placed in Bessie's hands and watched the expression of delight that illuminated the child's face. She had hardly done thanking him when the door opened and Faith entered. Her eyes met Desmond's in one long, searching glance, then she turned white and leaned against the wall. Rob let his hat fall to the floor as he hastened toward the agitated girl.

"Faith! Faith Haskins!" he cried. "Is it you—and here?"

"Oh, Rob, I never expected to see you again!" she sobbed, burying her face in the folds of her shawl. The sight of an old friend had thrown her off her guard and brought back to her sharply and keenly all her trouble and loneliness and made her strangely weak.

When Clint came in a few minutes later he found his sister in the arms of what appeared to him to be a big buffalo. Never having heard that buffaloes were in the habit of coming into cabins and hugging people, he approached Bessie, whose teeth had just decapitated a candy rabbit, and asked in an awed whisper:

"What's got Faith? Is it hurtin' her?"

"I dess not," Bessie whispered back as well as she could with her mouth full. "He's awful nice, an' I dess he's a relation to Santa Claus. See what he dibbed me!" holding up her presents.

Returning from the blacksmith's shop, Ike and Jim left the repaired wheel by the wagon and stole quietly up to the shack. As they passed one of the windows they looked in to see if their victim were there. With surprise they beheld him sitting by Faith's side, holding both her hands in his. The firelight revealed to their astonished sight the two happy faces, while two equally happy children were sitting on the floor at their feet.

The fellows, realising that their joke had "missed fire," started to walk away, but Rob, catching sight of them, went to the door and insisted on their coming in. After they had partially recovered from their embarrassment and the genial atmosphere did much toward restoring them to their natural selves—they distributed their gifts and received the young lady's blushing thanks for all their kindness to her Desmond said:

"Pretty good joke you tried to play on me tonight, boys," with a slap on their shoulders, at the same time laughing heartily. "But you see how it has turned out. Only I'll have to explain. This little woman, Faith Haskins, and I used to go to school together away back near the old Tippecanoe in Indiana.

"We grew up as lovers, but her father thought I wasn't of much account except to pick an old guitar or play the fiddle, so, when he had taken his family off to Nebraska he wouldn't allow Faith to write to me, and of course I lost track of her. But I loved her just the same, and that I might become more worthy gave up my idle habits, taught school for a few terms and earned the money to give me a start here in Kansas on this timber claim and am in a pretty fair way to make my living, as you know. I find my little school friend has not forgotten me, and since she had the audacity to 'jump my claim' in my absence I think I may as well keep her here. Now, as you fellows have already had a 'finger in the pie,' I want you to go with us tomorrow to visit the judge over at the courthouse. Something's going to take place there that will celebrate Christmas in proper style. It was kind of you to see to repairing the wagon, but there won't be any use for it going to Uncle Ethan's ranch, for Clint and Bessie will have to stay and help us be happy. You'll go, won't you, boys?"

"Go? In course we will! We'll see you and her through, if the earth slips a cog. We will, you bet! By ginger, but you're a lucky galoot! I wish ole Christmus 'd drop a jewel like that inter my stockin's."

BAKED HAM.

New Feature of Holiday Feast Borrowed From the South.

It goes without saying that his majesty the turkey will grace the Christmas dinner table, but for variety and to give a new note to this feast it is an excellent idea to follow the southern fashion of introducing ham to share honors with the reigning fowl.

The ham may be either hot or cold and should be baked to a crisp brown. Few there are who understand the art of preparing ham in this way. First it should be boiled with the thick outside skin left on, and then this should be removed and the fat stuck full of cloves and left to brown in a slow oven. The spice imparts a deliciously delicate flavor and should not be taken out, but left in the ham just as it comes from the oven. No sauce is needed with ham cooked after this rule.—New York Herald.

Christmas a Lucky Birthday.

There is an old superstition that to be born on Christmas day is to be lucky all one's life, and there is also a belief that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer or he will become a thief.

The Origin of Christmas Greens.

At the Saturnalia, the heathen prototype of Christmas, it was the Roman custom to decorate the house with evergreens. This was done to give the woodland spirits a refuge from the cold.

Christmas Island.

Christmas island, in the Pacific ocean, and Christmas mountain, on the Antarctic continent, were so named because discovered on the 25th of December.

HIRCUS, THE DANCING BILLY GOAT

By MICKEY FINN

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IT was Christmas eve, and Patrick Doolan, the foreman of the gas works, had summoned a goodly company of his friends to celebrate the holiday season and the arrival of two barrels of Irish turf from his native town. A bushel of this peat lay glowing in the fireplace. While the snow was softly piling itself upon the window casings and the wind was taking liberties with the shutters Judy Callahan slyly pinned upon the lapel of Dick Walsh, the letter carrier, a sprig of Irish ivy. By inquiry from rheumatic Flaherty, who sat in the ingle nook nourishing his shins, Dick learned that the symbolic meaning of Irish ivy is "I cling to thee." Judy's shriek a moment later indicated that



"'TWAS THREE MONTHS O' STRAP AND CARROTS."

Dick had taken advantage of the information. Just then Jack Doolan, the youthful heir to the Doolan estate, put his head inside the door.

"Father, can I bring in the nanny? The snow is fallin' on her through the roof, and she's, tremblin' wid the cowld."

"Of course, my son," said Mr. Doolan heartily. "Bring her in. We don't want our milk watered."

"That's a foine baste you have there," said Flaherty. "How much milk does she give?"

"Two quarts a day, but she used to give three quarts a day before her husband died. She's pinin' away since that time, poor gur'ri. I think 'tis the lovesickness she has," said Mr. Doolan.

"Dear, dear, look a' that, now!" said Mrs. Reagan sympathetically. "I always said that nanny goats was sintamintle. And how long is the billy goat dead, Mr. Doolan?"

"'Tis five years the 24th day o' this month," replied Doolan. "Sorra day 'twas whin we lost Hircus. A more gaynial nor a more willin' goat you would not find in all Har-riem. Sure his death was a tragedy and a calamity."

"How was that?" quavered old man Dougherty, the stonemason.

"Well," resumed Doolan, "'twas a tragedy the way he was translated and a calamity whin his death took away the only chance I ever had o' makin' a fortune.

"'Tis quare about goats," continued Doolan. "They are born wid a certain amount of eddicashun. Show me the goat that wouldn't know a cabbage or a turnip whin he sees it. Of course a goat knows nothin' about machinery. There was a goat that used to stop the horses drawin' a street car, but whin they put a trolley car on the track you couldn't find that much o' the goat as would grease a griddle. But a goat can be eddicated wid sugar and a strap to do tricks. Now, I suppose none o' ye would believe me if I told ye that I taught Hircus to dance as fine a jig or hornpipe as ever you saw in a theater."

A chorus of disbelief arose.

"Yes," said Doolan, "and no Frinch lady could do a finer *pass soul* on her toes, as they say in the heathen language. You must remember that I was very poor, and I'd be layin' awake nights thinkin' o' some plan by way o' makin' a fortune, and whin my wife bought the two kids to start the dairy the idee came to me like a flash—I could eddicate the goat to dance. Whin I got that idee in me head I could think of nothin' else. Cassidy, how much money do you think a dancin' goat could earn on a theater stage?"

"Well," replied Cassidy, "I should think that $300 a week would be none too little for so dignacious a curiosity."

"There," resumed Doolan. "D'ye hear what Cassidy says? Three hundred dollars a week for half an hour's work a day! Faith, I felt the money in me hand! But 'twas weary work teachin' the goat. An old animal trainer told me that cruelty and kindness mixed would do the job. Whin the goat minded me I tickled his ribs and gave him carrots, but whin he got stubborn I lathered him with a strap. Mrs. O'Brien, you remember the time we had teachin' Hircus to walk across the room on his hind legs?"

"Deed I do, Doolan!" said Mrs. O'Brien, with a reminiscent sigh.

"Yo'll excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said Flaherty, rising and putting on his hat, "but I must leave ye. A dancin' goat is too much for my voracity. I couldn't swallow it."

When the door had closed Doolan went on: "Every night after supper the table was shoved back agin the wall and the lesson began. And, would you believe it, it takes three months to teach the goat to stand on his hind legs for five minutes! After that 'twas easier. There was a little gur-ri named Ellen next door that took a great interest in the eddication of the goat. She was about the size of the goat whin she stood up, and 'twas pure joy to see Hircus waltzin' around the kitchen to the music of my fiddle. With the goat's head on her shoulder and her arms around his neck they would whirl slowly around in the dawdlin' circles of the mazy, as the poet says"—

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Judy Callahan.

"After the lesson was over each night I used to give the goat all kinds of tasty things, like potato peelin's, cabbage stumps and such like, as a reward, and 'twas the habit o' keepin' the goat hungry all day that led to the loss o' my fortune. 'Twas three months o' strap and carrots before the goat could do a dacint heel and toe, work as hard as I might, and two weary months before he would nod his head and make a bow the same as if he was before an awjence."

"Hark to that now," said Dougherty to Judy Callahan in a whisper. "A goat makin' a bow!"

"As I said before," Doolan went on, "when the goat had learned to bow at a wink we made his bally suit. The thing that cost the most was the skirt, made of red silk and shaped like a parasol. It looked like a hollyhock turned upside down. Then we put a little green cap wid a red tassel on the goat's head and a pair o' white slippers on his feet. And whin we showed him his picture in the glass he grinned like a woman puttin' on her Sunday bonnet. The tears fill me eyes whin I think that only for that joker Reagan I might be ridin' in me own divvil wagon wid rubber wheels.

"The first public appearance of the goat as a bally dancer took place in a barn in the Bronx. We fixed up a stage wid planks and boxes, and 25 cents was charged at the door. The news got around, and long before the time to begin the show the barn was crowded to the doors. Half the roof was gone off the barn, but that hurt nothin', for the night was clear. I was so afraid that the goat wouldn't do his work that I gave him nothin' to eat for twelve hours before he came on the stage, and the poor beast was fair famished. Whin I walked out on the stage, hand in hand wid the goat, I thought the awjence would go crazy. They yelled wid sheer delight whin the goat made his bow, and every man in the barn was on his feet, and a hundred of them had cabbage leaves and carrots in their pockets to give to the goat, like the ladies have bokays to give to the play actors. As the goat whirled around doin' a waltz he would stop now and then to pick a bit o' cabbage or turnip that some one threw on the stage. But 'twas what that rogue Rea-



"HE WHIRLED AROUND WIDOUT TOUCHIN' THE FLOOR."

gan threw that the goat liked the best. They looked like little pieces o' bread covered wid sugar. The goat picked up so many o' the little chunks that the crowd yelled to put Reagan out because he was stoppin' the show, and I had hard work to get the goat dancin' ag'in. After that the goat seemed to get lighter and lighter upon his feet until he hardly touched the stage. There were times when he whirled around in the air widout touchin' the floor, and the crowd gaspin' wid astonishment at this wonderful beast. And while he whirled he seemed to be gettin' bigger and bigger till he was as round as a balloon the boys play wid. He would go up in the air, whirlin' like a pinwheel, for ten feet, and thin light on the stage soft as a thistledown, and fly up ag'in till he spun up farther and farther, lookin' like a red umbrella on a big punkin, and he was gone through the hole in the roof, thranslated intirely."

"And where did he go?" said the awe struck Mrs. Cassidy in a whisper.

"Some o' the little boys sittin' on the fence outside said he wint up in the direction of O'Rion, and others said 'twas toward Arcturus and Niptune he wint."

"And what was it that Reagan gave the goat?" said the materialistic Walsh, anxious for an explanation of the seeming miracle.

"'Twas yeast cakes that the rogue had covered wid sugar, and the goat ate fifteen o' them."

CHRISTMAS IN THE VAL DI ROSE

By WALTON WILLIAMS

IN mediaeval times, when learning was rare and confined mostly to the regular clergy living in monastic communities, it became the fashion to illustrate the gospel narratives by means of more or less realistic dramatic representation. This method of instructing the unlettered was borrowed from the old heathen mysteries, and the monks and nuns who devised the pious scheme made every effort to impart a reverential understanding of the subject illustrated. This is the origin of the mystery or miracle plays and also of the sacred tableaux vivants which in time were enacted in the rural churches. These living pictures always illustrated some Biblical subject and were probably of great spiritual benefit to those who could not read.



THE OFFERING IN THE VAL DI ROSE.

It was thus that the great features of the Christian religion were made intelligible to the public. The practice began early in the tenth century and grew in favor for at least 200 years. In the thirteenth century, however, the custom had become so subject to abuse that the clergy began to frown upon it, and finally they prohibited all forms of Biblical representation in the churches.

In time most of the Easter mystery pictures disappeared from the churches, but many of the Christmas illustrations had acquired such a firm hold upon the popular heart that they remained and have been brought down to the present day in a somewhat modified form. Such is the "Bambino," which is seen today in all parts of the Christian world and which has come to possess almost a ritualistic significance.

Another Christmas mystery which still survives, although its perpetuation is confined to a limited region, is the quaint and decidedly impressive Christmas ceremonial known as "the offering." This custom has been repeated for centuries on Christmas day in the churches of the Italian highlands. It is illustrative of the visit of the magi to the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. A little boy is chosen to represent the Saviour. Dressed in a white robe, wearing a gilded crown and holding a globe in his hands, he stands upon an altar surrounded by olive branches and a multitude of lighted candles. Votive lamps hang above him, and abundant offerings of fruit and flowers are at his feet. A crowd of peasants, both men and women, clad in festival attire and wearing the picturesque head coverings of the Tuscan mountaineers, bring oranges and pomegranates from their tiny gardens and offer them devoutly to the weary little representative of the Lord of the harvest.

ROYAL FOLK WHO PLAY SANTA CLAUS

By GEORGE H. PICARD

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ONE of the numerous advantages enjoyed by royal personages, an advantage, too, which has not been greatly exploited, is the power to give to any object dispensed as a Christmas gift, no matter how trivial it may be, a distinct and abiding value. It is related of one of the mediaeval pontiffs that on a certain occasion he was so grateful for a service rendered him by a young prince of the Borgia family that he begged him to name some suitable reward.

"Come, my child," he suggested insinuatingly. "Tell me what I can do to please you. Don't be afraid to put my liberality to a test. It's the blessed Christmas season, you know."

His youthful highness sighed deeply, but did not seem able to find the words to frame his request.

"Courage, my friend," persisted his holiness. "I am in the mood for giving. Ask confidently, and I should advise you to ask something more substantial than my blessing."

The young Borgia realized that the opportunity was golden. At last time the temporal power of the Roman pontiff was so great that kingdoms were at his disposal. The prince knew all that, but it did not tempt him.

"Your holiness," he faltered, prostrating himself, "I beg you to give me a lock of your hair."

At this unexpected request the pope was both startled and touched. It seemed incredible that a Borgia could be satisfied with such a sentimental requital, and yet the young fellow seemed to be in earnest.

"Why do you select such a worthless thing?" his holiness demanded.

"Oh, do not refuse me!" the prince expostulated. "Think of its value as a relic after your holiness is canonized!"

The pontiff smiled grimly. Then he put his right hand upon his head and sighed long and rather mournfully. He had some hair remaining, but scarcely enough to serve as a relic.

"As you will," he groaned, "but I had rather you had asked me for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies."

Some of the Christmas presents exchanged by latter day royalty are almost absurd in their practicality. For many years the gentle and well beloved Pius IX. was in the habit of exchanging Christmas gifts with the equally amiable Victoria of England. The pope invariably sent a package of specially prepared and exquisitely scented snuff, with an autograph letter extolling its virtues as a remedy for catarrh and kindred disorders. This standing gift was sometimes accompanied by a few jars of wine made from fruit taken from a particular vine



"TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO TO PLEASE YOU."

in the Vatican garden. It is not impossible that her majesty may have made a personal trial of the pope's remedy, but it is certain that she did not acquire the habit. That she appreciated the attention was made evident from the fact that sundry jars of a marmalade devised in the royal kitchen at Windsor found their way at Christmas time to the Vatican.

Some of this delectable confection made a holiday appearance in other European courts. The queen's German grandchildren were fond of it, and their royal grandmother saw to it that a goodly supply of the delicacy and its attendant supplement of a particular seed cake of her majesty's own composition reached Potsdam in time for the Christmas dinner. One of the queen's grandsons by marriage, the czar, used to send her the most beautiful malachite and jade vases ever seen in England, and in return he received invariably a six dozen case of very old and mellow Scotch whisky from a particular highland distillery, long patronized by the British royal family. There is no record to prove that Nicholas found the Scottish beverage more satisfying than his native vodka, but it is a fact that he kept on sending the precious vases as long as his thoughtful grandmother lived.

The kaiser's established Christmas remembrance to the elders of the English court is a case of Johannisberg, which is almost as unattainable as the elixir of life. For the youngsters "Uncle William" sends tons of the ingenious mechanical toys "made in Germany." The president of the French republic, not to be outdone in Christmas civility, gives presents of costly Sevres and Limoges wares to the reigning queens of Europe. In return he is often decorated with the ribbon of some coveted order. The president of the Swiss confederation is more practical in his holiday generosity. Last Christmas he sent to Queen Alexandra a choice selection of cheeses.

As a systematic dispenser of Christmas cheer it is probable that the German emperor heads the list of royal givers. With his customary orderliness and attention to detail he begins to plan his beneficent campaign long before the dawn of the holiday season. On a slip of paper which he keeps concealed in a private cabinet he notes down in his neat musical script as they occur to him the names of the various persons whom he intends to remember and the amount he expects to expend on each of them.

One of his standard gifts is his own royal portrait. Last Christmas he varied the usual custom by presenting his prospective daughter-in-law, the Duchess Cecilia, with a marble bust of himself. There is absolutely no excuse whatever for any collection in the



THE KAISER SENT A BUST OF HIMSELF.

world, public or private, which has neglected to provide itself with a portrait of the German kaiser. It may be had for the asking, and a hint is sufficient. The kaiserin is a liberal and thoughtful Christmas benefactress. She makes it a point to give something of value to every child of royal lineage in Christendom, and that means no little labor and discrimination. The children of royal lineage in the German empire alone are quite numerous enough to absorb a fortune, and it is reputed that the generous royal lady spends $50,000 every year in this admirable way.

The present sultan of Turkey, with all his traditional hatred of the giaour, has fallen into the habit of sending Christmas gifts to some of the Christian courts. These remembrances consist for the most part of jars of preserved rose leaves and Levantine sweetmeats prepared by his own confectioner. The aged emperor of Austria sends a liberal gift of priceless Tokay to his fellow sovereigns. The domestic old queen of Denmark, the "mother-in-law of Europe," who is an inveterate knitter of woolen stockings, dispenses her yearly accumulation at Christmastide. The genial king of the Belgians sends nothing but checks, and it is whispered that his bank account is considerably reduced at the holiday season. Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who is as prudent as she is thrifty, gives decorations and confers orders. This was also the economical Christmas practice adopted by Queen Victoria. The king of Spain sends presents only to his relatives, and the royal family of Portugal, rich as it is, is not much addicted to the gift habit. The queen sends a generous check to the Vatican and the king distributes a few decorations.

Fourth of July Christmases.

In other days the Catholic and Episcopal churches celebrated Christmas much as Americans now observe the glorious Fourth. Roman candles, skyrockets, firecrackers and a general rejoicing and noisy hilarity marked the day sacred to the birth of the Prince of Peace. The idea was that the occasion was a joyful one and men should vociferously attest their happiness. Echoes of these old celebrations are still heard in portions of the south which were settled by the cavaliers. Under the reformation, however, and especially under Puritanism, this form of observing Christmas was done away with. In the early days of New England Christmas was scarcely observed at all, and it is only in comparatively recent years that the present custom of giving and feasting was revived in sections where the Puritan had held sway.

Tragic Christmas Days.

Christmas, which is usually regarded as the happiest day of all the year, has frequently witnessed tragic events. Diocletian began one of his persecutions of the Christmas in 303 when on Christmas day he burned a church full of the followers of the Nazarene.

William the Conqueror is said to have slaughtered 100,000 men, women and children on Christmas day in the year 1068.

In 1170 Thomas a Becket preached a Christmas day sermon that caused his death four days later.

John Wyclif, the great reformer, died on Christmas day, 1384.

In 1963 Christmas day in London saw the great plague at its height. One thousand people were dying daily.

O MISTLETOE

By NINA PICTON

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What could I do?

THREE times she passed beneath the mistletoe,
With face so arch and eye of blue,
And I, distraught, what could I do?
Rank coward—I turned round and let her go.
O mistletoe!

From every nook and corner blazed the light;
Eyes gleamed like stars in matchless ray,
Yet ne'er an eye of black or gray
Shone full and soft as hers that old year night.
O wondrous light!

Each one waxed bold as forth she came again,
And o'er her golden hair the bough
Of witchery hung. My hour came now.
I caught and kissed her like a man insane.
O happy swain!

She neither screamed nor smiled nor chid me then,
But brushed her cheek like thistledown,
And then a tiny, childish frown
Came 'twixt her brows. "At last!" cried she. "Oh, Ben,
Slowest of men!"

No ear but mine heard that imperious blame.
The crowd had passed. We twain stood there
In perfect bliss, without a care,
And o'er and o'er I breathed her perfumed name—
O Rose aflame!

The joy bells rang. The old year crept away.
Lusty and young the new year stood,
Aglow with promise, life and blood.
Ah, never was such night or holiday—
For all they say!



I caught and kissed her.

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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no man need want."

"He paid you a similar compliment," said I, smiling.

"He was always very good to me, sir."

He stood silent, as though for me to enter, but as I did so he said respectfully:

"I suppose we shall be losing you, sir? It's a great thing for Mr. Kesteven to have had you with him in his trouble."

"Well," said I, with a little laugh, which I really could not restrain in my excited condition, "not just yet, Hood, I think. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with my company for a little longer. You see, Mr. Greenstreet informs me that I am, quite unexpectedly, left heir to the castle."

If Hood were as much astonished at this statement as at his own good fortune, he certainly did not show it. I caught one glance of his extraordinary eyes, and then he had turned and was closing the gate.

"I'm sure I congratulate you, sir, if you'll pardon the liberty. The castle wants an owner, and I hope you'll be living here, sir."

I told him I did not yet know and rode up the park, leaving him to fix the locks.

I had said no less than the truth when I had answered Hood's questions, but circumstances soon made my resolution for me. The rumor of my inheritance was spread about the country, and I found myself suddenly elevated to new dignity in the eyes of the neighborhood. And the first fruits of this celebrity appeared in an unexpected visit from my young acquaintance, Montgomery. His farm, it seemed, was a mile or two from the castle, lying in the next valley, and he rode over to offer his congratulations. It was plain that he had not been so deep in liquor as he had appeared upon that evening at the Swan, for he was hugely embarrassed during the interview and more than once offered to reflect upon himself in somewhat deprecating terms.

"I'm not a bad fellow," he was good enough to explain, "but I'm a devilish fool. All the Montgomerys are. We've had a lot to put up with. Our estate's no better than a barnyard. We're a pack of idiots, that's what we are, Mr. Greatorex. And when there's liquor about— Well, you know what it is."

I didn't quite follow out his meaning, but, on the whole, he struck me as a very amiable fellow, honest according to his lights, and bearing a certain distinction of person which, derived from a long and gentle race, could not wholly be concealed in the dull and uneducated individuality of its last representative. He certainly knew a great deal about horses, and as a result we grew very friendly ere he left. When he did so, it was with a frank hope, boyishly expressed, that I intended to live at the castle.

But it was not due to the arguments of Montgomery that I finally decided to stay at the castle, but to an incident very different, which fell out in the following way on the next evening: I had dined early, and as the light was still very full across the valley I sauntered out through the park and wandered down the road toward the Woodman. When I reached the inn I noticed in the twilight the figure of a stranger leaning against the stone coping before the doorway smoking a cigar. At this moment Hood emerged from the taproom, and I nodded to him, asking if he had heard yet from the solicitor.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," he replied. "It's a very welcome present, sir; many thanks to my poor master."

"Well, you seem to be getting on," said I, with a glance toward the stranger, who, seeing my eyes on him, lifted his hat and smiled.

"Yes, sir," responded Hood in a lower voice. "The gentleman's come to stay a bit, sir. Name Captain Sercombe, sir. You don't happen to know him? No, sir. I thought I'd mention it, in case you did. The gentleman likes the fresh air, sir. He's been living abroad. I always told poor Mr. Kesteven that I'd make it pay, sir." And a furtive smile crept into Hood's sombre face and broadened it into a grin.

The stranger advanced in a leisurely fashion and said good day; then, cocking an eye at the clouds, asked me my opinion of the weather. I gathered that he was a fisherman and that the stream in the valley had excited his hopes. He was a very tall man of forty or more, somewhat stoutly built and with a military gait. His face, which was bare save for a long reddish mustache, was puffy and swollen, but he had a pleasant gray-green eye and a genial and engaging manner. His thin red hair was carefully brushed over a rather bald head.

"My landlord tells me there has been a death up yonder," said he, nodding toward the castle. "A regular romance, if I'm right in supposing you are Mr. Greatorex?"

I told him that I was.

"Ah, well, you're very lucky."

I replied somewhat coldly that he seemed to know more than I did myself.

"Come, come," said he, with a laugh. "My dear sir, we are all gossips, and, after all, I was bound to talk of something besides the weather," and his way was so good humored and withal so frank that I could not but join in his laugh. In the issue I accepted his invitation to drink a little whisky in his room, and being apparently a talkative fellow he was very soon in the full swing of soliloquy. I must confess that he was an entertaining talker. He had seen a vast deal of life and in many countries. He had apparently been a soldier of fortune since he left the English army, for he spoke of service with the Peruvians, of brushes and escapades in sundry parts of South America and of multifarious adventures in several continents. It might have seemed odd that the lord of Ivor castle should be seated there in the parlor of a shabby inn, hobnobbing over whisky and cigars with an utter stranger about whom he knew nothing and cared less, but I myself was little better than a fellow stranger, and at all events I required no excuses for myself. It has ever been my habit to give myself full license in my commune with my fellows, and in the result I have usually found the custom productive of amusement and interest. We parted on friendly terms, and I congratulated myself as I walked home upon a very agreeable neighbor.

When I reached the castle the night had fallen, unrelieved by stars. I rang for a lamp and retired to my bedroom for a pocketbook which I had left in one of the drawers in an old bureau. I remembered to have placed it in the left hand drawer in the secretary. I took the key from my pocket and twisted it in the lock, but as it would not turn I became impatient and shook the handles. The lid fell open of itself. Clearly it had not been locked. And yet I could have testified in a court of law that I had locked it in the afternoon. Furthermore, my pocketbook was not where I had left it, but in a lower drawer. The oddness roused my curiosity, and I went carefully through the drawers only to find that without a doubt they had been conscientiously and scrupulously rummaged by some one. The thought was not inviting. I sat down in a chair to consider. Later I went down to the dining hall and made out my notes for the day. A letter by the second post, which arrived late in the evening, lay to my hand on the table. The situation demanded a patient temper and some thought. It threatened to discover a grave climax. So far my reflections led me. Why had my bureau been ransacked? What did this robber want? And yet again the problem fell upon me, something darkling, but urgent, importunate—had any one visited Mr. Kesteven through that open window in the article of his death? The confluence of these questions embarrassed me, and I opened my letter absently.

It was from Greenstreet and invited my consideration of the offer made by the London solicitors. They were pressing to know my price for the castle. I seized a sheet of paper and scribbled a line, sealing and stamping the envelope ere I went to bed. It was merely to tell Greenstreet that the property was not in the market.

CHAPTER V.

UPON the third day after the events of the preceding chapter Mrs. Main announced a visitor, handing me at the same time a card on which was printed with an abundance of flourishes and ornament "Mr. Morris Barnett." He made a ceremonious entry and politely discharged a few courtesies ere he got to business.

"I have come over, Mr. Greatorex," said he suavely, "to see if you are at all disposed to do a client of mine a great favor."

I did not see any very strong reason why I should favor a client of Mr. Morris Barnett, but I murmured that I was always glad to be of service to my fellow creatures.

"The fact is, sir," he resumed, laying his hat and stick upon a chair and drawing a packet of papers from his pocket, "my firm has a client who is related to the ancient Vyvian family, the original owners of this castle, as you are no doubt aware, and he has been informed that you have come into possession of this very beautiful estate in accordance with the will, if I mistake not, of the late Mr. Kesteven."

He looked at me inquiringly, and I told him that his information was quite correct.

"I gather, Mr. Greatorex," he continued affably, "that you have been until comparatively recently a stranger to these parts and that, in short, you have no particular ties in the county?"

"That is true," said I.

"My client, sir, has naturally—you will understand the motive—a desire to purchase the property, if you are disposed to meet him, and we can arrange terms. And that, shortly, is the object of my visit."

Now, you will easily conceive that, falling in the present circumstances, this set my blood humming. Here was yet another, and within a few days of the demise of the old proprietor, who must needs come clamoring for a sale of the castle. The fact stirred my curiosity—nay, to speak truly, inflamed me with something very like excitement.

"And what, then, is your proposal, Mr. Barnett?" I asked calmly enough.

I was sharp enough to notice a gleam of satisfaction pass over his face, but he displayed none of his triumph in his very businesslike tone.

"Ah, well, Mr. Greatorex," said he, lolling back in his chair, "you see these old places are more matters of sentimental than profitable investment."

"True," said I shortly, "and men are usually willing to pay a high price for sentiment."

"Ah, no, Mr. Greatorex," said he promptly, shaking his head, and here there was a real touch of guttturals, "you mistake. My client is not a rich man, but he bankers after the place of his fathers. It would mean much to him."

"It means a good deal to me," said I. "How much?" said Barnett suddenly. "Supposing I said £20,000?"

He held up his hands. "My dear sir, my dear sir!" he repeated and stared at me as if my audacity had plucked away his wits.

"Why not?" I asked.

Mr. Barnett was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Do you know what landed property is selling at, Mr. Greatorex?" he asked confidentially. "It is practically a drug in the market, sir, just now."

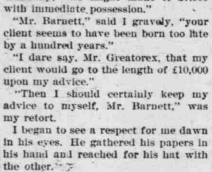
"Then," said I, "will you kindly explain, Mr. Barnett, how it comes that I have had two offers within a week of my inheritance?"

"Ah," he said meditatively, rubbing his chin.

"It looks as if this particular property was not a drug in the market, doesn't it?" I asked.

"To be sure," he remarked vaguely, and then, recovering himself, resumed his gentle smile. "But let us come back to business, Mr. Greatorex. Shall we say £5,000?"

He cooed at me enticingly. His assumption that we had wandered into



Mr. Barnett held up his hands.

the regions of fancy and romance tickled me, and I broke forth laughing.

"Ah, well," said he, grinning sympathetically, "we might make it £7,500 with immediate possession."

"Mr. Barnett," said I gravely, "your client seems to have been born too late by a hundred years."

"I dare say, Mr. Greatorex, that my client would go to the length of £10,000 upon my advice."

"Then I should certainly keep my advice to myself, Mr. Barnett," was my retort.

I began to see a respect for me dawn in his eyes. He gathered his papers in his hand and reached for his hat with the other.

"I fear that my intrusion has been useless," he observed.

I said nothing, but waited for him to reseat himself. He did not, however, but, walking to the window, looked out upon the park.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "Charming prospect! Really, now that I have seen it, Mr. Greatorex, I feel justified in advising my client to go a little higher."

"I think the view is worth an extra £5,000," I suggested.

"I think he might rise possibly to £15,000, Mr. Greatorex, if you will allow me to communicate with my client," he said softly. "But my client is a poor man, and it is a ruinous price."

"Then why ruin your client, my dear sir?" said I.

Mr. Barnett laughed pleasantly, as if at my little joke, but, becoming serious again, shook his head.

"A stiff price, but I think I can manage it," he said.

"I have little doubt that you can manage anything," I said, bowing.

"You agree?" he asked.

"It is not necessary," said I, "since you seem to have agreed for me."

"It is monstrous!" he said gloomily. "But my client has set his heart on it. You shall have your £20,000, Mr. Greatorex."

He sighed resignedly and, having selected a document in his pocketbook, proceeded to unfold it and smooth it upon the table. All the spirit was out of him. He had been worsted and owed me a grudge, I could perceive.

"If you have a pen, Mr. Greatorex," he said sullenly, "I will fill in the figures. I have the agreement here."

"Pardon me," said I.

He looked up and, meeting my gaze, offered an explanation against my protest. "There's no time like the present."

"You misunderstand me, sir," I said cheerfully. "I have no intention of selling the castle."

He leaped to his feet. "What!" he yelled, and his sallow face spread with color. "You said £20,000!"

"Excuse me; no," I said. "Your client, Mr. Barnett, did me the honor to suppose I should be willing to sell, and I was polite enough to suppose so with him."

There was never a man in so atrocious a temper as my little attorney. His color went, and he grew a livid yellow with passion, and, being now no longer at the necessity of civility he broke into covert invective, presenting to me a surly demeanor. I ignored his unmannerliness, but kept my placid smile all the time that he was arranging his departure. On the threshold of the door he paused and, turning, demanded:

"Is your decision final?"

I assured him that it was absolute. He gave me six extremely vicious look as he disappeared.

"You will regret this, Mr. Greatorex," he observed.

I understood that the phrase was not uncommonly used in similar circumstances, but in truth I need hardly say that I should not have turned a sarcasm at the expense of Mr. Barnett's inoffensive client, despite Mr. Barnett's offensive manner, if I had not been absolutely certain that Mr. Barnett's client did not exist. At least I would have gone bail that he was no relation to the departed Vyvians, and I would even have ventured to doubt if he knew much more of them than did Mr. Barnett himself, for it was plain enough to me by this time that some person or some persons had particular reasons for desiring to obtain possession of my inheritance. So much being clear it only remained to determine those particular reasons, reasons which I could now perceive were involved in the secret of my dead friend and probably also in the culminating tragedy of his death.

When I was rid of my visitor I set forth upon a stroll in the woods. It was 4 in the afternoon, and the sun shone very fiercely upon the white roads, throwing black shadows from the trees. I dropped from the roadway into a rude moss grown track that ran into the heart of the valley, and presently, leaving the more open parts of the forest, struck into the deeper brakes and tangles below. The little stream ran here in the bottom very pleasantly, sometimes brawling over shallows and at other parts more silently in eddies and drifts over darker and deeper pools. As I followed its course I came shortly upon a spot where the channel made an elbow almost at right angles with its former direction, and here I descried the form of Captain Sercombe. A sound of voices reached me, and, cheered by the prospect of a companion with whom to exchange sentences, I uttered a short "Hello!" and dived through the undergrowth toward him. When I emerged upon the open space upon which the captain stood my attention was caught by a rustling among the branches, and I had a glimpse of some one just disappearing into the wood. I stopped with my eyes fastened upon the point for something familiar in the incident struck me all at once. That lean, slim figure, that swift, precipitate rush—these were as impressions recovered from some past experience. Captain Sercombe was lazily whipping a deep pool, a pipe between his teeth, and, turning his head, he hailed me:

"You have frightened my fish, sir," said he.

I begged his pardon somewhat abstractedly, and, raising himself, he looked at me, following the direction of my glance.

"Oh, that's my worthy and very obsequious host," said he, with a smile taking his pipe from his mouth. "I wish he would let me alone, but he's so awfully officious. Thought he knew the likeliest spots, and would insist on showing me. As if I hadn't fished before he was born!"

I joined him on the bank.

"Any luck?" I asked.

He opened his basket. "A couple of smallish ones," he returned. "But there's a big fellow here, if your noise hasn't frightened him."

He threw a cast very neatly and, bending over his line, was wholly absorbed by his occupation. But nothing would tempt the trout to rise, and the captain soon gave me his attention again.

"There's nothing equal to an obstinate fish," he remarked thoughtfully. "I envy you, Mr. Greatorex. If I lived in this spot I could ask no better than to spend my life on the banks of this brook."

"Ah, you have the proper spirit!" said I.

"All the same," he declared, "it's a mighty hot tramp through those brakes, and I've earned my dinner."

We left the stream in company and mounted to the highroad.

"Come in," said the captain as we reached the Woodman, and the invitation was so natural, issued as so much a matter of course, that I entered behind him almost unconsciously.

"You will excuse me if I have a little refreshment, Mr. Greatorex," he said. "I have been out since 10 o'clock and am only held together by a few sandwiches. Besides, I have always an appetite. Hood! Hood!" he called.

The inkeeper entered and received his orders.

"Now, sir, take a seat. I think you'll find that apology for a sofa at least comfortable," continued my host, and he flung himself, breathing hard, into an armchair and fanned his face with his handkerchief.

Continued in issue of January 3.

NOTHING WILL PLEASE

"HIM"

MORE Than a BOX OF CIGARS FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.
Of course HE WANTS A GOOD BRAND.

ANY OF THE LAKE BRANDS WILL PLEASE HIM.

For Sale by all of the Springfield Dealers.

B. D. LAKE, Mnfgr.

CHRISTMAS AT HERTLEIN'S

Bring the Children to Hertlein's and watch them "grow happy."

TOYS.

We have the completest line of Toys ever brought to Springfield—everything you can think of. Bring the children early.

Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Bananas and all kinds of fruits. The best in town, at the most reasonable prices.

HERTLEIN'S Confectionrey.

Chamberlain's



Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite —CURE— Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

Farm Bargains.

191 acres, in Mercer county, on pike; handsomely improved, fine land, near railroad station, and new flour and grist mill over river from farm with good trade. Both farm and mill for $12,000—¼ cash.....96 acres, with 5-room house, good land, near Mackville, $2,300.....96¼ acres on county road, near Mackville, improved, $2,000.....127 acres at Cardwell, on pike, well improved, $2,000.....166 and 196 acres, Washington county farms, highly improved, both bargains at price, $60 an acre.....310 acres, Mercer county farm, as good as any $100 land; price, $60 an acre.....100 acres in two miles Harrodsburg, on pike, a bargain at price, $60 an acre.....171 acres, Mercer county farm, new residence, fine grass land, only $30 an acre.....216 acres, Mercer county, splendid producing farm, well improved, on pike, only $35 an acre.....And many other properties. Write me if you wish to buy or sell. W. T. EWING, Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

THE FIRST National Bank, —OF— SPRINGFIELD, — KENTUCKY.

CAPITAL $50,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits $25,000.

OFFICERS.
B. L. Litsey, - President.
John W. Lewis, - Vice-President.
A. C. McElroy, - Cashier.
L. B. Cain, - Ass't Cashier.
R. E. Foster, - Bookkeeper.

DIRECTORS.
B. L. Litsey, J. W. Lewis,
Sidney Green, F. M. Campbell,
R. H. Edelen, H. M. Grundy,
Jno. O. Polin.

We grant every favor consistent with safe banking. If you have not already an account with this bank we invite your patronage.

C. M. Tumey. Lee Riley, Jr.

TUMEX & RILEY.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.
Springfield, Ky.

Nice Outfits For Traveling Men.
Phone 18.

YOUNEEDIT SALVE CURES

Youneedit Salve manufactured by Dr. J. W. Thomas, Hodgenville, Ky., is one of the very few salves which absolutely cures piles. As an evidence of its wonderful curative properties, Dr. Thomas now has on file in his office 1426 testimonials, coming from people who have been cured or greatly benefited the past year. This is a new salve, having been on the market about one year and the 1426 testimonials come as a result of the sale of 2646 boxes.

For Sale By All Druggists.

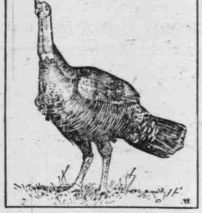
DR. J. W. THOMAS, Hodgenville, Ky.

JOHN Y MAYES,
Funeral Director
—And—
Licensed Embalmer,
SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY.

Best Attention.
Every courtesy shown.

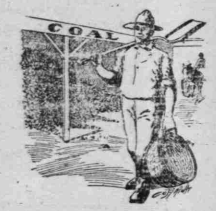
Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.
Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys



FOR SALE

BEST IN THE COUNTY



We only have 120 of these turkeys, and if they are not sold by Friday, noon, of this week, they will be slaughtered. We are merely offering the turkeys to the people in order to induce them raise the best for next season—this is the only way we will be benefited. We would be glad to have the ladies call and select a pair, but if they can not find it convenient to come in Thursday or Friday we would suggest that they send some one. We do not want to slaughter these turkeys.

BEST COAL THE MARKET

The Poultry Man. **M. H. Jones** The Coal Man.

Meats

Below we print a sort of a "meat directory." Anything you want, any time you want it:

Roast
Steak
Pork Roast
Pork Chops
Fresh Sausage
Mutton Roast
Mutton Chops
Veal Roast
Veal Chops
Veal Cutletts
Pickled Pig Feet
Pickled Bologna
Ham
Breakfast Bacon
Mince Meat
Fish Every Thursday
Oysters Wednesday

CARPENTER'S Meat Market

WILLISBURG.

J. M. Trent and wife spent last Sunday with T. J. Trent.

Mrs. Jim Brown and little son, Harold, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wells.

Mrs. J. K. Wells visited at Birchwood last Sunday.

Miss Maggie Trent has returned home after a few days' visit to relatives here.

Miss Bettie Commins was here Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Jane Birch has returned home after a weeks' visit to relatives in Louisville.

John Trent visited in Mackville last week.

Mrs. Catherine Clark celebrated her seventy-ninth birth day, December 10. A large crowd was in attendence. Mrs. Clark is a very industrious old lady of her age. She does all of her own house work.

Capt. Bright is getting along nicely with his work. He has poles set beyond Sharpsville. and to Cardwell, and is working toward Mackville and Polin.

W. S. Gibbs was in Anderson county last week on business.

Little Maxey Jones is quite low with typhoid fever.

Miss Jossie Breckinridge, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is improving.

Mitt Leachman spent Sunday at the home of Merritt Hungate.

Milton Grider and frmily visited at the home of W. P. Scruggs last Sunday.

J. W. Shirley was in Springfield last Monday on business.

Mrs. Lafe Harlow visited her parents at Mackville one day last week.

There will be a Christmas tree at this place on next Saturday at the Christian church. Every body invited.

"Washington Circuit Court."

H. R. Thompson, Admr. with will annexed of Martin Wright, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. Hadgie Wright and others, Defendant.—Order in Equity.

By virtue of an order of the Washington Circuit Court made in the above styled cause, all persons having claims against the estate of Martin Wright, deceased, will be required to file their claims, properly proven, before me not later than February 15, 1906. I will hold my sittings at my office in Springfield, Ky., for the purpose of receiving claims from January 15, 1906, to February 15, 1905.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

WHITE'S
Cream Vermifuge



THE GUARANTEED
WORM REMEDY
THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
For sale by C. J. Haydon, Springfield.

"Washington Circuit Court."

Clara B. Royalty Admr. of George Royalty, etc., Plaintiff, vs. Willie Royalty and others, Defendants.—Order in Equity.

By virtue of an order of the Washing Circuit Court made in the above styled cause, all persons having claims against the estate of George Royalty, deceased, will be required to file their claims, properly proven, before me not later than February 15, 1906. I will hold my sittings at my office in Springfield, Ky., for the purpose of receiving claims, from January 15, 1906, to February 15, 1906.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

Commissioner's Notice.

T. Scott Mayes, Admr. &c., Pltf., vs. Nannie McAuliff, Deft.

All persons having claims against the estate of John McAuliff. deceased, will present them before me properly proven as required at my office in Springfield, Ky., between the first day of December, 1905, and the 15th day of February, 1906.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.
November 28, 1905.

A Bad Scare.

Some day you will get a bad scare, and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. King's New Life Pills, a sure cure, for all bowel and stomach diseases, such as headache, biliousness; costiveness, etc. Guaranteed at C. J. Haydon's drug store, only 25c. Try them.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams, 15c; Sides, 12½c.
Beeswax—24c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Chickens—Hens, 5c; Springs 6c
Dried apples—5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Corn Meal—75c to 80c. per bushel.
Eggs—24c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Flour—$2.90 to $3.
Ginseng—$7.50 per pound.
Grain—Wheat 85c; corn 60c; Oats
Hides—Green, 95c to 1.00c
Lard—12½c per pound.
Lime—90c to $1.00 per barrel.
Mill products—Bran $1.00; shipstuff, $1.20 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 60c.
Onions—$1.00.
Salt—$1.45 and $1.85 per barrel.
Turkeys—10 per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—25c to 40c per gallon.
Wool—Burry and greasy, 14½c; clear of grease, 20c; tub washed, 28c.
Country Sorghum—45c to 50c
Geese—50c a peice.

Huge Task.

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. P. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon druggist; price 50c.

Prof. A. M. Miller, of the State College, is sued for $100 for poisoning dog in Fayette county.

The Key that Unlocks the Door to Long Living.

The men of eighty-five and ninety years of age are not the rotund well fed, but thin, spare men who live on slender diet. Be as careful as he will, however, a man past middle age, will occasionly eat too much or of some article of food not suited to his constitution, and will need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and cleanse invigorate his stomach and regulate his liver and bowels. When this is done there is no reason why the average man should not live to old age. For sale by C. J. Haydon.



I'ts Astonishing!

You won't believe what a great difference really good, flour makes, until you try our KENTUCKY STAR Brand. No excuse for worrying along with anything less than the best, for the best is no more expensive than the other kinds, and it does more and better work.

Now's the best time to try it.

Chaplin Water Power Roller Mills,
D. B. SUTHERLAND, Proprietor.

Makes Soft, Smooth, Velvety Skin.

Removes Pimples, Blotches and Blackheads.

A Kentucky chemist has succeeded in perfecting a preparation for beautifying the complexion that is truly remarkable in its action on ugly skin. The new discovery has already become extremely popular with complexion specialists and thousands of women, owing to its plessing results and the fact that it is perfectly harmless. Every pore of the skin is a lurking place for dirt and disease germs. If the pores are inactive and fail to perform their duties naturally, the general consequence is a rough, scaly skin, pimples, blackheads and blotches. Ordinary face creams, lotions and so-called beautifiers, as a rule, have a tendency to close the pores, thereby not only proving injurious, but if used regularly they make the skin flabby and thick. The new discovery is Paracamph, a combination of cooling, soothing, balmy oils, which when applied goes straight to the interior cells, nourishing and toning the face muscles, stimulating the circulation, removing all germs and imperfections from the pores by inducing a healthy perspiration. The action of Paracamph is peculiar and it has a smooth, velvety effect, because it nourishes and feeds those cells which produce the oils necessary for making a beautiful skin. Don't hesitate; try Paracamph at once. It is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, and its use will convince you that it is superior to any other preparation you have ever used

We will send free to any lady upon receipt of a two cent stamp sufficient Paracamph for a three days' treatment. Write to-day. The Paracamph Company, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A. Dept. F.

READ THIS.

Symsonia, Ky., March 30, 1903.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.: Dear Sir—I would like to become your agent for the sale of your medicine in this neighborhood. Your Texas Wonder has saved the life of one man whom two doctors had given up to die, and there is none of your medicine sold nearer than fifteen miles of this place, so I would be pleased to hear from you concerning the agency as soon as possible.

ED DRAFFEN,
Symsonia, Ky.

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, Sole Manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonial. Sold by all druggists.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEARS.

Grammar. 1.—Define, verb, classify verbs as to use, as to from.

2.—Give and define the properties of a verb.

3.—Parse the verbs in this sentence: "Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream."

4.—Parse the adverbs in these sentences: She lived very happily. He signed it then and there.

5.—Analyze and then diagram these sentences: "Our island home is far beyond the sea." "Talent is something, but tact is everything."

1. Geography.—Name all the territories of the United States and their Capitals.

2. Name six states that are best adapted to farming, six for manufacturing, six for mining.

3. What waters border on North America? What are the principal mountain ranges?

4. What are the leading products of Massachusetts? Of Illinois? Of Kentucky? Of Texas?

5. Over what waters would you travel in going from Chicago to New York, by going two different routes?

History.—Sixth Year. 1. Tell the story of the fight at the River Raisin.

2. Give the names of five Kentuckians who took part in the war of 1812.

3. Who was Governor during the war of 1812? What do you know of him?

4. What position did Kentucky take in the Civil War? What is meant by the "underground railroad?"

5. What Kentuckian was once Vice-President? What one President of the United States? Of the Confederate States?

1. Give two good causes of the Revolutionary War.

2. Name aud describe two battles of this war.

3. What nation helped us in this war? Who was De Kalb? La Fayette? Steuben? Kosciusko? Rochambeau?

4. With what battle are these names associated: Washington, Gates, Green, Lincoln, Morgan?

5. Who was the great naval commander in the Revoluionary War? Tell about one of his great naval battles.

Physiology. 1. What two great cavities in the human body? By what are they separated? What organs are located in each of the body cavities?

2. Trace the circulation of the blood through the body.

3. Name the digestive organs.

4. Name the special senses. By which do we determine color? Form? Odor? Temperature? Flavor? Sound?

5. What is the office of the red corpuscles of the blood? Trace portal circulation.

Civics.—Seventh and Eighth Years. 1. Name the county officers. Give some of the duties of any two of them.

2. Name the state offices. Give the duties of two of the officers.

3. Name the departments of our state government. Define the duties of each department.

4. Write the preamble of the State Constitution.

5. Give five principles guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

The envelope containing these questions was opened by the undersigned at — o'clock, December —, 1905.